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CHRONICLE.

Prince George
of Wales.

THE progress of Prince GEORGE has been slow, but, it is hoped, satisfactory. When he is well enough he will be able to amuse himself with the graceful pictorial tribute to his family which the editor of a "Society paper" called *Truth* has produced under the guise of a "Christmas number." By the way, this publicist's pictorial reminiscences of the difference between 1841 and 1891, and his laudation of times past, might have been carried further. Mr. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, and other people who knew how to treat "Society" journalists, though they may have made mistakes as to the culprits, were alive in 1841. Yet are we not wholly degenerate; and it is rumoured that there are still among us some of the tribe whose shoulders have felt the cane.

On this day week were published some remarks and Colonial of the German CHANCELLOR on foreign affairs, some rumours of an "officious" character as to the sweetly peaceful character of the Russo-French Agreement, a comment on the latter (afterwards contradicted) to the effect that France had obtained from the *Porte* a *grièd-à-terre* somewhere on the Red Sea coast from which she could bombard Perim, and a Manifesto from the PRESIDENT (up to date) of the Brazilian Republic. Herr VON CAPRIVI was pretty much what all Chancellors and Ministers are in the "not-a-speak-upon-the-horizon" mood; Senhor FLORIANO PEIXOTO was as flowery as his own Christian name. As for the Red Sea acquisition, had it been a fact and inconvenient to us, we should have had to take it some day, as we have taken many French acquisitions before.—It was reported on Monday morning that the Devil had actually broken loose in China in the way of actual insurrection—a thing to be regretted for many reasons, and not least because China is wanted as a counterpoise to other Powers in Asia. Later accounts, however, would seem to show that the first were much exaggerated. There is at least one Power which has a strong interest in setting China, if possible, at variance with the West.—Captain BOILEAU and Captain BUTCHER, the senior officers left at Manipur when the retreat to Cachar was resolved upon, have been removed from the army.—Details were received of the celebration in Paris, with unusual sympathy, of the first part of Lord LYTTON's funeral, which was afterwards completed at Knebworth and St. Margaret's, Westminster.—On Monday last, in the High Court of Calcutta, the *Bangabasi* stood in a white sheet and said "Peccavimus," and was let off on promising "never to do so no more."—It appeared that the Brazilian pantomime was not quite over yet, and that "Exit FONSECA—enter PEIXOTO" had not exercised magic influence on Rio Grande do Sul.—The French Republic has been still, like the eminent JACK HOWE, "gainst bishops excessively 'valiant.'" And the *Figaro* has been sentenced to a fine of twenty pounds for daring to get up a subscription to pay the Archbishop of Aix's fine. Next week somebody will probably be sentenced to ten pounds for backing up the *Figaro*, and so on. For such is Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.—Lord LANSDOWNE's speech on St. Andrew's Day at Calcutta, though described officiously as "important," can hardly be said to be very interesting. The VICEROY carefully avoided the two points of present interest—the Northern frontier and Manipur. No doubt he said what he ought to have said about Cashmere and famine and annexation and the opium revenue; but, then, these things we have always with us.—Colonial affairs have formed the subject of discussion both in the French and in the German Parliaments this week.

Home Politics.

The prorogation of Parliament was last week formally extended to the 9th of February.

Elections.

The result of the East Dorset election was very satisfactory. Taking the favourite standard of Gladstonian comparison, the election of 1885, Mr. GLYN exchanged a victory and a majority of nearly seven hundred for a beating and a minority of 347. Had these results been reversed the world would have rung with Gladstonian congratulations. We, on the other hand, prefer to point out that, as the Unionist majority is less than in 1886, some work is evidently needed in the constituency, especially, it would seem, among the town dwellers in the outlying suburbs of Bournemouth. For the rest, the moral is something rusty. A good local candidate and hard work, and you win; a candidate little known and slack work, and you lose.—We deeply regret to say that poor Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, after appealing for votes as a sacred duty, observing that the Duke of York was the friend of the soldier—we mean that he himself was the friend of Mr. GLADSTONE—and "believing that he had a 'clear majority,'" was beaten in a test ballot as Gladstonian candidate for the Carmarthen boroughs by a mere Major JONES, a foreign man, not even eighty-four or five years old. Never, perhaps, since FIRDUSI was insulted with the silver tomauns has poetry received such a rebuff.—Another Parnellite vacancy has been created, this time at Waterford, by the death of Mr. RICHARD POWER, than whom perhaps no member of the Irish Nationalist party enjoyed or deserved less disapproval from Englishmen. Waterford is in feeling a Parnellite stronghold, as its municipal elections have just shown, but whether priestly tyranny will prevail as at Cork remains to be seen.

In Glasgow last Friday week Mr. BALFOUR made quite a sheaf of little speeches on University affairs, on politics, and on things in general. At Wolverhampton Mr. JOHN MORLEY, protesting himself to be beside himself with delight at South Molton, exhibited symptoms which a plain man would have taken as showing that he was beside himself with annoyance at Lord SALISBURY, at the Duke of ARGYLL, at Lord HARTINGTON, at Mr. GOSCHEN, and still, in the ascending way, at that unspeakable Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. On Saturday last Mr. GLADSTONE in Cheshire and Mr. BALFOUR in Edinburgh made divers speeches, some political, some not. Mr. GLADSTONE was in a jocular mood, and when he is in that the mind, touched by mortal things, refuses to insist too much on the painful spectacle. On Monday Mr. BALFOUR spoke at length at Huddersfield, and beat up the Gladstonian quarters in a way not pleasing to Gladstonians, whose nerves were a little upset by East Dorset. He was sound on Village Councils, and if we cannot but think that small holdings, in a country which clings to Free-trade, are doomed to reconsolidation, not without great misery to the holders, however often you create them, there is still no harm in trying the experiment by legitimate means. On Tuesday he followed this up with another speech at the same place, devoted to the very awkward subject of Irish Local Government. As he justly observes, all depends on the details of the Bill, and if these details can be arranged without handing over the loyal minority to the disloyal majority, well and good. But we own that, to us, Mr. BALFOUR seems to have set himself the problem of constructing a right-angled triangle, the squares on the sides of which shall not be equal to the square of the hypotenuse. On Wednesday Mr. GOSCHEN addressed the London Chamber of Commerce on his plan of securing a larger gold reserve by the issue of one-pound notes. To discuss the discussion in this place would be impossible. It chiefly remains to be seen whether the



notes will be taken; the wise man will certainly take as many as he can honourably get. They will also be very good for the pocketbook-makers, note-carrying in a purse being impossible. The worst of your small note is that he gets abominably dirty; the best, that a roll of him gives a curious and comfortable sense of property. Mr. GOSCHEN was also present, but did not speak, at the prize distribution of the St. George's Rifles, where Mr. STANHOPE spoke at some length on the Volunteers. Mr. CHAPLIN, at Swindon, rather naughtily requested Mr. MORLEY to inform him how the Essex clays were to "wave with golden grain" at thirty shillings a quarter? But the answer is clear. "Get Parish Councils; let the labourers take, say, half the land of each parish at prairie value; and then let them tax the other half enough to make up any deficiency in their accounts." *Ce n'est pas plus raide que ça.* Mr. CHAPLIN spoke again, practically and forcibly, on the same subject next day, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT threw Gladstonians into convulsions by describing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as "the BAZAINE of Birmingham." Pretty enough; very pretty; but how about the Drawcansir of Derby? We will cap nicknames with Sir WILLIAM for a month of Sundays, if he likes that harmless pastime.

The School Board Election.

The results of the elections to the London School Board last week were far more satisfactory than, we confess, we anticipated. The "Moderates" were successful all along the line, and though it would have been still better if persons like Mr. LYLPH STANLEY and Mr. STEWART HEADLAM had lost their seats, the Planos-and-Progress party have been left in a most decided minority. Particularly agreeable is the defeat of the clerical Progressists, Messrs. HADDEN, GENT, and OXFORD. The wolf *per se* is not such a bad beast; you knock him on the head when you can, but regard him with a certain respect. In sheep's clothing he deserves no respect at all. On Thursday Mr. DIGGLE was re-elected Chairman, and General MOBERLY elected Vice-Chairman, displacing Dr. GLADSTONE. It is now time for the friends of reasonable government to begin arrangements for the even more important County Council elections, where things have not to be merely made good, but a disastrous mistake repaired. No body of men more utterly unfit for their places than the majority of the present London County Council have ever met. The mischief they have done is not small, and the mischief they may do almost incalculable. At them! therefore.

The Law Courts.

The curious case of SALT and Another *v.* the Marquess of NORTHAMPTON was decided in the House of Lords on Monday against the plaintiffs, who, in the double capacity of moneylenders and insurers, had granted on the life of the late Lord COMPTON a policy for a sum much larger than that owing to them, and now claimed on contract not to pay the difference. The equity of the case—that a man cannot contract himself out of the power of redeeming his own debt—seems certain and also equitable.—All the snobbery and pruriency of London has been regaled this week by the RUSSELL separation case. To us the principal point of interest is the lamentable ignorance of Eastern proverbs and stories shown by a Law Officer of the Crown. We do not defend cat-killing; but Sir EDWARD CLARKE surely ought to have known that to "kill the cat on the wedding-day" is a counsel of the elders.—The Salvation Army case, which had been removed from Lewes to London expressly on the ground of local prejudice, was tried by Sir HENRY HAWKINS (with him Mr. WILLIS), who has taken a peculiar and very decided tone in the matter. No one would dream of questioning Sir HENRY's impartiality; but it would have been at least interesting to see what another judge might say. Few persons, we should think, who are not Salvationists, or who do not hope for the votes of Salvationists at the next election, will agree with Sir HENRY as to the "trivial" nature of continued disturbances of the quiet of a town in direct defiance of the law. The result of the trial has been claimed as a victory by both sides, and is anything but satisfactory.—In HEARSON *v.* CHURCHILL the question of resignation from the navy, which has cropped up more than once in different forms of late, reappeared, but cannot be said to have been finally settled.

On Saturday last Mr. VYNER's Lily of Lumley won the Manchester Handicap, the last noteworthy flat race of the year, even according to the modern extension of the "legitimate" season.—It was hoped that the sculling match between EAST and

PERKINS at Newcastle on Monday might show some improvement in an exercise where England could once defy the world, and which has now on the professional side of it fallen into the most mortifying decadence. As a matter of fact, EAST, the winner, did row very well, but his local opponent was too utterly out of health and condition to make anything like a race of it.

Lieutenant FREMANTLE was acquitted by the Miscellaneous court-martial at Plymouth yesterday week, on atmospheric grounds. The Admiralty has behaved with decent, if not lavish, liberality to the owners of the sunk boats and the family of the drowned man, and a regular inquiry into fringing-grounds and their use is promised.—The Anniversary meeting and dinner of the Royal Society on St. Andrews Day were celebrated by much speaking, scientific and general, though Lord SALISBURY did not, as was expected, attend the dinner. Sir WILLIAM THOMSON talked agreeably of trade winds, and recommended the perusal as light and entertaining reading of some of the earlier volumes of Transactions.—A terrible gas explosion at Blackburn resulted in several deaths and great damage.—The Women's Franchise League held a meeting on Tuesday, and were addressed by Mr. BRUCE, who would not let them have the franchise. They had, therefore, much better excuse than in the celebrated case of ORPHEUS for tearing him to pieces, inasmuch as he clearly had no business there; but they nobly refrained. But the next day Mrs. STANTON-BLATCH pointed out that boys' playgrounds are larger than girls'. Therefore women ought to have votes. Q.E.D.—A fresh and foolish fuss has been made about the Vice-Chancellor's jurisdiction at Cambridge.

Sir JAMES CORRY, member for Mid Armagh, had intended in any case to retire at the next election, owing to ill health. He was much respected, both locally and in the House of Commons.—Sir

GEORGE GREEN was an Indian officer of distinction; and Archdeacon BALSTON, as headmaster of Eton, was known to and loved and respected by many of the youth of England in the sixties.—With Lord BANTAY, who died scarcely in middle life, the title, created at the interesting period of the French attempt on Bantay Bay, becomes extinct.—Mr. C. D. YONGE had lived many years, and written, or edited, many books.—Lord COMBERMERE, the last of the long list of victims to that modern British war-chariot, the London cab, was a good sportsman, and the owner of one of the most beautifully situated of English country-houses.—The Earl of ERROLL represented one of the oldest and most distinguished families in either Britain.

MR. BALFOUR AT HUDDERSFIELD.

THE speeches delivered by Mr. BALFOUR at Huddersfield on Monday and Tuesday last are the most important contributions which have been made for some time past to the two chief political controversies of the day. Both of them, we need hardly say, are able performances; but, if we prefer the former, as we naturally do, it is not only because the latter relates exclusively to a Ministerial project which we dislike. We regard Mr. BALFOUR's speech of Monday as the better of the two for the very reason that has earned for it the uneasy sneers of his opponents. They have girded at it as being purely critical of the "rural programme" and policy of his opponents: as if, with the Gladstonians engaged in another plot for the corruption first and betrayal afterwards of the unhappy agricultural labourer, there could be any work more necessary than the criticism of which they so innocently complain. The functions of a detective are themselves of the critical rather than the constructive order, and no doubt the swindling fraternity take it ill that he should devote so much attention to the exposure and prevention of their frauds, when he might be meditating projects for the regeneration of humanity. Honest citizens, however, are apt to think that he could not be better employed, and that is our view of Mr. BALFOUR's occupation last Monday night. He has rightly considered that one of the most urgent needs of the moment is to unmask the political party who are talking aloud to HODGE about "Village Councils," and under their breath about pounds, shillings, and pence, who are ostensibly offering him, and pretending to think that he wants, a share in local administration, and are secretly telling him that if he will only vote for them he shall have a share in something

much more substantial. In a word, Mr. BALFOUR has thoroughly grasped the esoteric meaning of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's phrase about "keeping in touch with the agricultural labourer." The idea, if not the expression, is familiar to the class from whom the Gladstonians are borrowing their tactics. It is only by keeping strictly in touch with a comrade that it is possible to establish the necessary chain of communication between the watch in the old gentleman's pocket and the shady pawnbroker at the East End. In the case before us it is no doubt more probable that the expectant receiver will be disappointed than that the robbery will take place; but that does not make the "plant" any less nefarious, or its timely exposure any less imperative.

It will, we dare say, be no very easy task to convince the class who believe themselves to be the accomplices of the Gladstonian electioneer that they are simply qualifying to become his dupes. Nothing is so credulous as cupidity; and when it is associated with the inexperience of politics and the general mistiness of ideas which are its accompaniments among the rural electors, its swallow is only too likely to be capacious indeed. It is the duty nevertheless of all Unionists to spare no effort to disabuse of their delusions the minds of these unfortunate men—the helpless tools of a cynically shameless gang of political intriguers who undoubtedly mean to use them as in '85, in order to throw them aside as in '86. And perhaps the most hopeful way of opening their eyes to the falsity of secret Gladstonian promises is to show them, as Mr. BALFOUR did so effectually the other night, the flagrant imposture of the avowed Gladstonian policy. If they can be got to perceive the empty sham of the pretence that the depression of the agricultural industry is due to any remediable causes, or to any cause to which the Gladstonians would for a moment consent to apply the only effective remedy; the solemn humbug of the talk about keeping the labourer in his village by making village life as "interesting" to him as a vestry-meeting by candle-light; the shallow cant about the benefit which the agricultural labourer might expect to derive from the conversion of a dozen large farms into fifty small holdings—if we say it should be possible to bring these perceptions home to the intelligence of the rural voter, he may perhaps be got to see in time that, since the shop-front wares of the Gladstonian trader are so worthless, it would be rash to trust to the sound quality of the goods in the back parlour. And if any method of persuasion is more likely to avail with him than another, it is that which Mr. BALFOUR employed with such admirable force and lucidity last Monday night, in his detailed criticism of these several parts of the Gladstonian agricultural programme.

The speech of Tuesday was a performance, in its way, no less important, but of an entirely different nature. Its object was not to deceive but to reassure; and to do this in a matter in which the task of reassurance is no easy one. Influenced, no doubt, by the manifestation of disapproval which the contemplated Irish policy of the Government evoked the other day at the Birmingham Conference of Conservative Associations, Mr. BALFOUR delivered what is substantially an amplified version of that speech at Leeds in which he first announced the intentions of Ministers in the matter of local government for Ireland. The more recent of the two addresses has many of the most notable characteristics of the earlier one. That is to say, there is the same extraordinary—we had almost said audacious—frankness in the admission of all the grave and manifold risks attendant on the proposed transfer of administrative authority in the Irish counties, and there is the same confident, or apparently confident, belief in the possibility of obviating these risks by ingenuities of legislation. The only difference is that the difficulties to be overcome are insisted upon more emphatically than ever; while the specific expedients for overcoming them receive even less detailed notice than before. Mr. BALFOUR admits, directly or by implication, that to hand over county government to the class in whom he proposes to vest it may, unless special precautions are taken thereagainst, have any one or more or all of the following results:—It may threaten the administration of justice; it may endanger the existing right of county officers; it may throw power into the hands of a disloyal majority to coerce a loyal minority; it may enable the great masses of the poorer ratepayers to throw an undue burden upon the small and probably unpopular minority of richer ratepayers. And in more general terms he admits that an Irish Local Government Bill might conceivably (1) threaten the private rights of

individuals, (2) menace property, (3) menace social order, and (4) strengthen the forces of anarchy. Having set forth the perilous possibilities of such a measure with this precision, he proceeds to assure us that, if we will only wait until the Ministerial Bill is produced, he will undertake that we shall find every one of these dangers fully provided against in its various clauses. This, however, is not all. The feat which Mr. BALFOUR has, in effect, backed himself to perform is more remarkable still. For he undertakes to produce a Local Government Bill for Ireland which shall not only contain adequate safeguards against the whole array of dangers which he so unflinchingly enumerates, but which shall be founded upon a no less "wide" and "broad basis than that which we have adopted, "and safely adopted, for England and Scotland." To prevent the measure from lending itself to abuses which in England and Scotland are notoriously not to be feared, it is (presumably) to be qualified and restricted in a way which in those two countries would not be necessary; yet the width and breadth of its basis are not to be affected thereby. In other words, it is not to be limited by its limitations, and the sum total of its concessions, after all deductions made from it, will remain the same. It is, indeed, essential to the success of the scheme that this should be so; otherwise, says Mr. BALFOUR, "we had better leave the matter alone. It is not worth touching "at all."

There is a venerable, and possibly not too well-founded, story of a travelling conjurer who attracted a large crowd to his entertainment at a country town by announcing, as the concluding and crowning marvel of the evening, that he would get a measured gallon of liquid into a quart pot. At the close of the performance his assistant was put forward to apologize for the sudden indisposition of the professor, and to promise, in his name, that, if his audience would honour him with another visit on the following evening, he would compensate them for their present disappointment by getting the same quantity of liquid into a pint pot. The audience, according to the anecdote, were so overawed by the magician's confidence, that they dispersed without remonstrance. A perusal of Mr. BALFOUR's latest exposition of the forthcoming Local Government Bill for Ireland, and a comparison thereof with his former account of it, irresistibly recall this story to one's mind. It would almost seem as if Mr. BALFOUR sought to silence those who had already expressed scepticism as to the possibility of the undertaking to which the Government have committed themselves, by purposely enlarging upon and elaborating its difficulties, in order to impress his hearers more profoundly by his final assurance that they can be overcome. For certainly, if these difficulties were set forth at Leeds in such terms as to give pause to any one who contemplated them, they have been restated at Huddersfield in such a manner as to take the breath away.

A LEGAL WINDFALL.

THE Marquess of NORTHAMPTON is a lucky man. By the extravagance of his son he has acquired several thousand pounds of ready money. It happened in this way. The late Lord COMPTON required, some years ago, an advance of ten thousand pounds. He applied to the National Life Insurance Company, and offered as security a reversionary interest on real estate to which he would be entitled on the death of his father. But, inasmuch as the security would be valueless if Lord COMPTON died, as he has in fact died, before Lord NORTHAMPTON, the Company insisted that he should insure his life with them against his father's for thirty-four thousand five hundred pounds. The interest on the money lent and the premiums on the sum insured were to accumulate for five years, and then either to be paid up or to accumulate further at the option of the Company. If Lord COMPTON paid them all before his father's death, the policy was to be assigned to him. If not, or if Lord COMPTON died first, the defendants were to have the whole. Lord COMPTON died in 1887 without having discharged any part of his liabilities, and the Company came into possession of the policy. But Lord NORTHAMPTON claimed, as the representative of his son, the very handsome balance which remained after deducting the amount actually due to the Company, and the Courts have upheld the right which he asserts. It is curious that men of business, acting through

experienced agents, should have deliberately entered into a contract which the law does not recognize. But so it is. And, out of three successive tribunals, only Lord HANNEN has been found to side with the Company. Most people are familiar with the simple doctrine that equity will relieve against forfeitures, and are aware that, since the Judicature Acts, when law conflicts with equity, equity is to prevail. If one man promises another, for due consideration, a sovereign at Christmas, and binds him with a penalty of twenty pounds in default, the promisee cannot recover twenty pounds from the promiser, but only one pound. The question which the judges and the Law Lords had to determine was whether the amount of the policy belonged absolutely to the Company, or whether they merely held it as mortgagees, with power to redeem on the part of Lord COMPTON or his representatives. Supposing the latter view of the case to be the correct one, the argument that a redeemable policy should be irredeemable was absolutely void. Or, as Lord SELBORNE put it, in his lucid and perspicuous judgment, was the intention that "the policy should be effected for the creditor's protection only, and for his sole benefit, subject to an option of the debtor to make it his own, in the event, not anticipated, of his paying off the debt in his lifetime," or that "it should belong to the debtor, subject to the security for the purpose of which it was effected?"

The Court of Appeal was unanimous in affirming the decision of Mr. Justice NORTH in favour of the Marquess. In the House of Lords Lord SELBORNE, Lord MORRIS, and Lord BRAMWELL are opposed to Lord HANNEN. The weight of authority would thus be clearly against the Company, even if Lord SELBORNE's opinions were not, on such a point, immeasurably the best to be had in England. Lord SELBORNE's argument depends upon the question, Whose was the policy? Which, again, he bases upon the previous question, Who paid for the policy? In one sense, Lord COMPTON did not pay for it. Payment was not much in his line. But the principle, says Lord SELBORNE, is "that what the debtor pays, or agrees to pay, for is, *prima facie* at all events, his, subject to the security for the purpose of which it was brought into existence." The Company put themselves out of Court by their statement of defence, according to which they stipulated that, if Lord COMPTON died before his father, "the policies should belong absolutely to them." This stipulation, as Lord SELBORNE points out, goes much too far, and is quite inconsistent with the documents in the case. For it deprives Lord COMPTON's heirs of the policy, even if he should have paid the debt, interest, and premiums, which is absurd. Lord BRAMWELL, with the leisurely cheerfulness which befits his age and temperament, said that the first thing he had to do was to learn the law. Having learnt it, he does not like it. But of course he administers it conscientiously. He cannot, however, understand it, although he knows what it is. "The right of redemption," he says, "may be sold to any one—to the creditor—after the loan. Why may it not be dealt with by creditor and debtor at the time of the loan? It cannot." Lord BRAMWELL's answers are not always very closely connected with his questions. Lord BRAMWELL, like all economists of his school, assumes that the law should enforce every contract which it does not punish as criminal. That has never been the practice of any civilized State. There are agreements which people may make if they choose, and may press if they choose, but which are so obviously unjust and oppressive, or so wholly trivial and indecorous, that the loser will not be compelled to forfeit what he has risked. Lord HANNEN thinks that the policy never was Lord COMPTON's, and that the Company are entitled to keep it because it was always their own. If the Company could have consulted Lord HANNEN, he would have shown them how to avoid a result for which they must thank their legal advisers.

MANIPUR AND THE PAMIRS.

IT would be pleasanter, if it were possible, to leave unnoticed or merely to chronicle, without comment, the decision to which the Government of India has come in the case of the officers left in command of the detachments of the 42nd and 44th Ghorkas after the treachery at Manipur. Dismissal from the army in such a case is nearly as heavy a sentence as the actual death which the older and sterner martial law might not impossibly have inflicted for misconduct in face of the enemy. We do not know whether

the Government will think proper to publish an "exposure" of motives on the subject. But whether it does or not, no one who has the faintest knowledge of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS will suspect him either of the ignoble action of making a scapegoat, or even of the sometimes necessary but sometimes also blundering and irrational one of "making an example." There was, indeed, in the ascertained facts, meagre as they still are, more than enough to justify the decision. No more damning presumption against the two unlucky officers could be given than the early rumours that the great majority of the escort had been massacred, and that the ammunition was entirely exhausted. It was, of course, taken for granted that in no other circumstances was it possible that no effort should be made to retrieve the position. As a matter of fact, the ammunition was not entirely exhausted, though it was running low, and the two Captains had with them a force over and over again exceeding that with which Major GRANT performed his exploit at Thobal. It does not appear that the stampede was resolved on merely for the sake of Mrs. GRIMWOOD, and it would be no good defence if it had been.

The truth simply seems to be that the officers were under the influence of the same inexplicable spirit of evil counsel which had led their superiors to ensconce them in a thatch-roofed and thorn-hedge-walled building, without provisions, and, without even clearing the neighbourhood of the precinct, to lay a childish plot for the arrest of a man known to be of considerable abilities and strong character, to execute it with blunders even more prodigious than those of its conception, and then to leave their sheep shepherdless and trust themselves to a provoked and desperate enemy. As the superior officers could only blunder in, so the inferiors when they became superior could only blunder out. There were buildings in Manipur which they might have seized and held; there were cantonments outside for which they might have made; there must have been other positions which could have been defended. It is by no means improbable that a determined attack would have turned the scale, and actually have won the day. For, though it is not, no doubt, a universal rule, it is a good deal more than a mere exception, that, if you can break out with any force so as to make good your escape, you can make an offensive sally with at least a chance of victory, especially against native troops. And they knew not only that, even if communications were cut, more silence would bring help; but that help was actually on its way both from Assam and from Burmah. Yet either mere panic, or the shiftlessness which in another case prompted the famous "Que faire? ils ont des canons," seems to have deprived them of all ideas except the simple, the primitive, but the very unmilitary one of taking to their heels. There are occasions, no doubt, even for that; but we should have been surprised, even upon the most favourable estimate of the evidence that has been published, and the most friendly allowance for that which has not, if this had been decided to be one of them. It is, no doubt, a trial for "Monsieur who has joined yesterday" to find himself compelled to take command, and to form momentous decisions. But he must stand it. And, besides, these much-to-be-pitied officers were not "Monsieurs who had joined yesterday." Their rank of itself presumes not inconsiderable service, and the qualification for independently handling bodies, if not large bodies, of men. The affair, humiliating as it is, was luckily prevented by the brilliant little exploit to which we have already referred from casting any slur on the Indian army generally. Personally, we should like to have Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's opinion of the orders under which Captain PRESGRAVE (himself merely obeying them) retired Mr. GRANT from his post of vantage, and still further postponed and impaired the value of the retaliation. But, by doing as much more than his duty as these other persons did less, Mr. GRANT saved the whole situation. And we could not have afforded that it should not be saved. For every officer in the Indian army may be called upon at almost any moment to deal with enemies very different from Manipuris, and if his idea of strategic movement is stampede, then it will not be *Primus* but *Postremus in Indis* in the way of mottoes for English soldiers before long.

We do not suppose, or intend to suggest, that one of these calls is likely to come just now in connexion with the curious incidents in the region of the Pamirs. But we are bound to repeat that the incidents are curious. They are now fully known, and the crowning fact of them is not merely

that Russian forces have trespassed, and treated others as trespassers, far on this side the line which was hitherto supposed to be the boundary even of their indirect claims, but that Russian official documents have, unwithdrawn and unrebuked, described not merely the shadowy regions of Wakhan and Shignan, but the well-known and all-important passes of the Hindoo Koosh which lead into Chitral and into Cashmere, as Russian territory. It is quite certain that, unless some strong counter-demonstration is made, or some fixed delimitation is obtained, these preposterous and dangerous claims will be taken as granted. For, as we have repeatedly pointed out here, the frontier in these parts has been left most improperly ill-defined. There appears to be nothing to rely upon but the old understanding of 1873, which has already been broken and superseded by Russia in half a dozen places, and which might be represented as constructively obsolete by more scrupulous and less enterprising casuists in such matters than the Russians. In particular it was pointed out at the time of the delimitation—itsself none too satisfactory—which followed the deplorable Penjdeh business how great was the mistake of not making clean work and carrying the line right along to Chinese Tartary, so as to leave no district from which India could be reached in even danger of being regarded as debatable. That it was then still in such danger was known. As heirs (after their own peculiar fashion of inheritance) or protectors of divers Central Asian Khans and Ameers, the Russians could put in a title, bid or good, against that of Afghanistan, while even the 1873 agreement left Shignan, Roshan, and most of the North-Eastern Pamirs in the very unsatisfactory position of neutrality. The new Russian pretensions not only swallow these at one gulp, but also a great slice of the undoubted Afghan territory of Badakshan, half that of Wakhan, and, according to our reading of the Russian despatches and general orders, though not to that of the *Times'* map-maker, to part of Chitral and the Hunza district, as well as including the great passes, especially the Baroghil, southwards. That the very expeditions in which this little feat of removing your neighbour's landmark has been achieved have proved the country to be wild and inhospitable is a matter of no moment. It was always known to be inhospitable and wild. But it has also been shown to be perfectly practicable, which is of very great importance. It is by no means improbable that the audacious excursion not only in the No Man's Land, but over the passes, was made, according to an old Russian trick, that there might be something to give up and so find an excuse for holding the rest. They would probably be satisfied with holding the line which is shown on the *Times'* map, and which may be identified on an ordinary one by drawing a straight cord across the bend of the Oxus just north of Faizabad, and following the Panja River to its head. The Indian authorities would be mad to acquiesce in this, and the home authorities would be something worse than mad to authorize, much more to urge, them to do so. A return at once to the neutral system on the one hand, a fair division of the territory left neutral in 1873 on the other, are the only things to be thought of.

ABOUT THE SERVICES.

NONE of the multitude of letters now being written about the Services and their fatal defects, and the general lamentable position of the country, is better worth reading than Admiral COLOMB's answer of last Tuesday to Mr. BRETT. It shows Admiral COLOMB at his very best, and it sets forth certain matters of fact which really ought to be remembered by people who croak over the perils of England. If Admiral COLOMB had done no more than remind those who make a bugbear out of the increased facilities for invasion provided by steam, that it also makes defence easier, his letter would be timely and to the point. Nothing can be neater than his statement of the case. "Steam is on both sides of the equation, and therefore before you can show that the equality has altered, you must show how steam on one side bears a greater value than steam on the other side." He rather understates the case in saying that steam "has only altered the speed of movement over sea." A little further on Admiral COLOMB himself points out that it will enable a blockading fleet to keep its place off an enemy's port in weather which would have driven off a sailing-ship. Since, then, there is equality in the means of progression, and even a slight advantage on the side of the Power which is best able to take the offensive, we may fairly calculate that the something compounded

of our position and qualities, together with the qualities and position of our possible enemies, which has given us the ultimate victory in three centuries of fighting, will still be in our favour. We have only to see that the new navy is not inferior in discipline and spirit to the old. As Mr. BRETT selected HOCHÉ's enterprise as an example of the ease with which we could be attacked, Admiral COLOMB was fairly entitled to take it as an illustration of the futility of mere sporadic invasions. We are not sure, though, whether it would be wise in us to fix our attention too exclusively on the naval operations of 1796 and the adjacent years. WOLFE TONE was a great liar; but there is a good deal of better evidence than his to show that "Messieurs of the 'Etat Major' did suffer from 'the horrors.'" The anarchy of the French Revolution, and then the First of June, disorganized and unnerved the French navy. Is it wise to take it for granted that in another war this force will be similarly weakened? It would be interesting to hear from Admiral COLOMB whether he thinks it impossible for an officer of sufficient spirit to repeat Lord Hood's famous feat in the Basseterre of St. Kitts—to seize a convenient anchorage on our coast, land soldiers, and hold his place in defiance of a superior force. But it is of little use to quote isolated examples. One can almost always be confuted by another. The sound course is to look at the whole history of naval warfare, and that fully bears out Admiral COLOMB's contention that an invasion of England, other than a mere raid, is impossible until the English navy is broken and mewed up in port.

After the newspaper the magazines. A writer who signs "B." in the *Fortnightly*, and Sir GEORGE CHESNEY in the *Nineteenth Century*, have given competing views of the War Office. The contrast between them is highly exhilarating. Never was there a prettier illustration of the good old story of the two sides of the shield. Whether B. is authorized to speak for the War Office or not we do not know, nor does it signify. He speaks as the advocate of the War Office should, and must be allowed to possess a very pretty faculty for the "offensive-defensive." He is not at all afraid or apologetic. He carries the war smartly into the enemy's country, beating up his quarters in the Service clubs, and places where half-pay officers do resort, and skirmishing with the military members of Parliament in fine style. In the intervals he despatches flying columns against Sir CHARLES DILKE and Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, which will give them something to do at home. It is a very pretty piece of sparring; and when, at the end, the pugilist arrives at the conclusion that, if half-pay officers, military members of Parliament, and amateurs would only leave the War Office alone—and the country would vote some forty thousand more men—all would be perfect. The last proviso seems to us weak. It spoils the artistic beauty of the whole, and the enemy will probably avail himself of it to argue that B. is not quite so happy in his mind as he would have the world believe. We shall not go at length into his figures, but be content with observing that he damages those of the other side not a little, and gives very good reasons for believing that the British army is really not in such a desperate way as the critics allege. His whole article, too, is a very fair example of that effective official answer which, as we pointed out last week, could be made to the exaggerated laments of the critics. It is not at all unlikely to persuade a great many people that, since there has been so much over-statement in the complaints, there is really no cause to be uneasy about the British army. This will be a misfortune; for, until a better stamp of recruits is obtained, and a larger percentage of grown men can be persuaded to remain in the ranks, there will be cause for uneasiness. But, if it happens, the growlers and the JEREMIAHS will have to bear much of the blame. A very different view of the War Office is presented by Sir GEORGE CHESNEY. He says—and quotes chapter and verse to prove himself right—that it is a "muddle" which will have disastrous consequences. Sir GEORGE CHESNEY speaks on military organization with weight. He has long experience and proved ability. We are not indisposed to agree that, if it were to do again—if we had the chance to rebuild our military administration up from the beginning—it would be better to make it on Sir GEORGE CHESNEY's pattern. But this is a very great "if" indeed. There is a weakness in Sir GEORGE's argument which deprives it of much of its force. The writer seems—as is but natural in a gentleman whose experience is largely Indian—to fail to realize all the consequences of the fact that the Government of this country is a Parliamentary one. Sir GEORGE CHESNEY attributes

the breakdown of the War Office to the "misconception by the head of it—not only the present head, but all his predecessors also—of the proper functions of his office; to the Minister having professed to undertake the direct administration of the whole business in all departments and in all their details, involving the fiction that he is personally responsible for everything." But this is not the case. It would be more accurate to say that the House of Commons has made the Minister what he is—and, further, that no section of the members of the House has been more active at the work than the soldiers. The House which votes the money has insisted, and will insist, on its right to inquire into every detail of every branch of the administration. There is but one way in which it can exercise its power, and that is through the Minister who is a member of the House. This may be an evil or not, but it is the case, and must be allowed for. As long as the Minister must answer for everything, he will and he must continue to entertain that misconception of his position of which Sir GEORGE complains. He will, and properly too, insist on being master, and the heads of departments will continue to be his mouthpieces. It may be confidently asserted that no Ministry would last a week if the Secretary of State for War were to refer some member, military or civil, who had heckled him to the Adjutant or Quartermaster-General. Sir GEORGE says truly enough that in most countries the military organization is fixed by statute and cannot be altered, whereas here it is liable to change at the mere will of the Minister. If the army organization were fixed by statute, the work of the army reformer would be harder than ever. But, putting that aside, this want of fixity is inevitable in a country in which Parliament will not allow the administration to be put beyond its direct control. This is in some ways an evil, though after all it has the advantage that, when properly used, it provides a safeguard against the fossilizing of an army organization which has befallen several of the Continental armies at different times. But, evil or not evil, it is the condition under which our army must work, and to ask for its removal is to ask for the moon. Sir GEORGE CHESNEY alleges that it must lead to disaster. To this we can only reply that two centuries of experience have proved that it is compatible with triumphant success. The defeats we have suffered have been trifles in comparison with the breakdown of the Prussian army in the Jena campaign. If Sir GEORGE CHESNEY answers, as he fairly may, that our army was never tested as the Prussian was, we can only reply that we see no probability that it ever will be. Our army in Europe gathers behind the fleet—has always done so, and always will.

The acquittal of Lieutenant FREMANTLE may appropriately be noticed in a Service article. It has been received with very proper satisfaction. We have every reason to be pleased that an English naval officer has been relieved of the charge of displaying a stupid and callous carelessness. The Court which tried Lieutenant FREMANTLE found that the state of the atmosphere made it excusable in him to have mistaken the distance of the fishing-boats. Nobody will dispute the competence and fairness of the Court, and it is satisfactory to learn that the fishermen gave their evidence straightforwardly and without animus—conduct which, by the way, has been promptly rewarded by the Admiralty. As far as Lieutenant FREMANTLE is concerned, there is no more to be said. The question whether the present Admiralty regulations provide sufficiently for the safety of passing vessels during practice on men-of-war is another, and a larger, one. From the evidence given at the court-martial, there does appear to be some doubt whether, considering the great range of modern guns, and the very erratic ricochet of the shot, the regulations in force do provide sufficiently for all risks. The Admiralty has decided to hold a general inquiry. The decision will be watched with interest. If it is found that the precautions now taken are insufficient, a rather serious question will arise for the Admiralty. It will find itself under the necessity of providing a freer range than will be easily attainable in the neighbourhood of the great naval ports—and this it will hardly do without trouble and expense.

TWO BITES AT A PLAINTIFF.

"THE common sense of most" will probably tend to make "most" satisfied with the law laid down on Tuesday by the Queen's Bench Division in the case of *PARSONS v. KING*. The facts were, shortly, that the de-

fendant's dog bit the plaintiff, "but it was a slight bite," and after half an hour's meditation, the plaintiff, like a brave man, "went after" the defendant "to remonstrate," whereupon the dog bit him again, "and this time his teeth really penetrated and drew blood." For this second bite the wily plaintiff sued in the County Court, alleging that, inasmuch as the plaintiff had been personally present at both bitings, he well knew, at and before the real and penetrating biting, that his dog was, as pleaders say (or ought to say), "accustomed to bite and worry mankind." The County Court judge, misled apparently by a well-known piece of forensic slang about "the same transaction," found that the two bites were substantially one assault, and that, therefore, "*scienter*" not being proved as to the first bite, the plaintiff was not entitled to recover; but the Divisional Court more plausibly held that the story of the first bite showed "*scienter*" as to the second bite, and they entered judgment for the plaintiff.

This case raises again the question whether that singular piece of law which is aptly said to entitle every dog to his first bite is not ripe for destruction. If your dog worries my sheep, you are civilly responsible to me, although it may have previously been the quietest dog in the world; but if it bites and worries me, I cannot recover until I have proved that it was, to your knowledge, accustomed to treat "mankind" in that disrespectful and inconvenient manner. The distinction is one for which it would puzzle Sir HENRY HAWKINS himself to find a satisfactorily corresponding difference. As to which rule is the more convenient there is hardly room for doubt. It has been decided that the owner of an ox, which while walking soberly to the slaughter-house suddenly becomes distraught, enters a china-shop, and there commits havoc, is not legally responsible for the consequences, and very properly, because such conduct on the part of oxen is extremely unusual; so much so that it would be folly to expect a man to guard against it. Moreover, an ox is a creature whose cultivation is essential to agriculture, commerce, and the happiness and prosperity of the lieges, whereas a dog is unquestionably a luxury. There seems to be nothing more harsh or unreasonable in saying that he who chooses to keep a pet dog shall answer for any damage it may do to the persons of his neighbours, any more than in saying that he who chooses to keep a wife shall pay for any injury which she may think it right to do to the reputations of his neighbours. A Supreme Court of Judicature which has demolished by mere brutal contradiction—by physical force, as it were—in the Court of Appeal the venerable theory that a passenger on the roof of an omnibus was identified with the omnibus, and in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved the hardly less venerable dogma that you cannot attempt to pick an empty pocket, should surely be equal to depriving dogs of their first bite. It is only in human flesh that it is allowed to them, and the exception from the general rule seems to be not only unduly favourable to ill-tempered dogs, but insufficiently consonant with the sanctity of the human form.

CHINA.

THE warnings not to put implicit confidence in all the newspaper reports from or about China ought to be, but probably are not, altogether superfluous. A glance at the places from which many of these stories come is enough for readers who are at all on their guard. One newsagency reports something said at Port Townsend by the skipper of a Yankee schooner. Other informers send information that reports have been received at places equally far from China. The starting-place of the most horrible and circumstantial story of all is almost enough to demonstrate its falsity. The *Novoe Vremya* has been informed by private telegram from Vladivostok that the Belgian Mission at Taku has been massacred. The author of the telegram has all the details pat—details which are quite worthy of a place in some "Atrocities of the Spaniards in the New World," or other production meant to curdle the blood, and provide a highly moral excuse for a little filibustering. When we hear of disorders in a region which lies convenient to the hand of Russia, we ought to know by this time that there is occasion for the salt-box. In this particular case there is better reason than is afforded even by general probability for withholding confidence. The Vladivostok report places the scene of these horrors in the Taku which is at the mouth of the Peiho—names

familiar to Englishmen. From Pekin we learn that the Taku where the Belgian missionaries are reported to have been massacred is another place of the same name a long way off, "due north of Kaiping." Simultaneously comes another story through Paris to the effect that rebels from Manchuria have taken the town of "Chaoyang" and "massacred the Christians of Kinchow." At Pekin they have only heard that "a large insurgent band" has occupied a small town to the north-east of that city. The acting British Consul at Nuechwang, which is in the same province as Kinchow on the opposite side of the Gulf of Liautung, has only to report that bandits have "looted a village near Chihli frontier"—a thing "not abnormal in winter." On the authority of the Rev. Mr. FULTON, of the Presbyterian mission, he adds that there were no Christians in the place, and that those in Kinchow are living on good terms with their neighbours. The direct reports as to the fate of the Belgian missionaries which have reached Brussels are highly contradictory and withal vague, while H.B.M.'s Minister at Pekin denies that any Europeans have been killed in the rising, which he places "to the west of Jehol beyond the Great Wall."

In the face of all this it is well to be cautious—

But though they jump not on a just account,
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference; yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

The Second Senator would doubtless point out that in the present case all the stories confirm the existence of disorder in Eastern Mongolia. From the Pekin reports it is clear that there is trouble near the Great Wall, which runs close to the city. It may be taken as certain that the Imperial Government has despatched troops in haste against the insurgents, which is, on the face of it, a sign that the EMPEROR'S counsellors are really frightened. Revolt, or even brigandage, on a large scale in this region is unwholesome to the Tsung-li-Yamen. The scene is disagreeably close to the capital, for one thing, which is a good reason for not regarding it all with the placidity which was safe enough when the uproar and massacres were going on in Hunan, a comfortably long way off to the south. Then this district has hitherto supplied some of the best supporters of the Empire. Finally—what is, perhaps, most serious of all—the revolt, mere extension of brigandage, or outbreak of hatred against foreigners, whatever it is, and be it more or less considerable than is supposed, is going on much too near the Russian outposts on the Amur. Whether the rebels are really formidable or not, whether their leader is a Lama or the chief of an armed band whose domestic peace has been ruined by the abduction of his wife, whether both the Lama and the chief are in the field jointly or severally, or neither of them (we decline to commit ourselves to any decisive opinion on any of these points), the danger is quite sufficiently serious for the Chinese Government. The supposition that the whole thing is deliberately exaggerated by the Chinese rulers, in order to provide themselves with an excuse of weakness if they are seriously called upon by the Treaty Powers to protect the Christians, is hardly admissible. It is difficult to understand the workings of the Oriental mind; but this game would surely be too fatal to commend itself even to the most stupid conceivable Tsung-li-Yamen. In the midst of all this uncertainty, one thing at least appears undeniable, namely, that the time has come when the Treaty Powers must make a resolute endeavour to discover what really is happening, and must make their resolution clear to the Chinese Government. Of two things one would appear to be certain. Either there is a recrudescence of hatred of foreigners in China which the Government cannot control, or that Government is playing a very discreditable double game. It is fomenting anti-foreign riots underhand, with the intention of frightening foreigners into keeping their distance. In either case the Treaty Powers have good ground for giving an intelligible warning, if not for action. The difficulty seems to be to get the Treaty Powers to act together. In France there are signs—rather suspicious, considering recent alliances—of an inclination to take the worst for granted, and to act with vigour. Germany, again, is manifestly reluctant to endanger the bones of a Pomeranian marine. United action seems difficult. We should much prefer it; but, if it cannot be obtained, we, who have more interest in China than all the rest put together, can at least act for ourselves, with a due regard, of course, for the real difficulties of the Chinese Government.

MR. GOSCHEN'S ONE-POUND NOTES.

THE lucidity of the speech in which Mr. GOSCHEN explained the form which he has finally decided to give to his scheme for the strengthening of the metallic reserve, and the ingenuity of the plan itself, have earned general acknowledgment. The necessity for increasing the reserve is universally recognized by business men; for, though in times of quiet and peaceful relations we could again have recourse to the Bank of France, as we have done twice already, we have no right to calculate on the indefinite prolongation of peace and friendship. A commercial crisis might well coincide with a great Continental war. Even if there were not this reason for increasing our own reserve, the general conviction of business men, that it has been allowed to fall too low, would be sufficient motive for an effort to enlarge it, to say nothing of the fact that too frequent recourse to the good offices of a neighbour must damage our credit. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke to an audience beyond the members of the meeting in the Merchant Taylors' Hall. He spoke to the whole community, which must co-operate if the scheme is to answer—to an audience, in fact, which attaches a limited meaning or none at all to the words currency, metallic reserve, and credit. It was, therefore, necessary for him to show an amount of care in avoiding the use of technical terms, which would not have been required of him by his immediate hearers, and to make his meaning clear even at the expense of some apparent repetition. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER certainly succeeded in making the main features of his scheme quite clear to any reader who approaches it with some intelligence and good will. The minor points—such, for instance, as the means to be provided for making the Bank Charter Act more elastic—were not set forth with equal elaboration. But this, however interesting it may be to business men and financiers, may be conveniently dealt with later on. For the present it will be enough if Mr. GOSCHEN can persuade the country at large to agree with him that the metallic reserve must be increased, that his is the best scheme for increasing it, and that the good to be obtained outweighs any inconvenience likely to be caused by the use of the method he recommends.

Whatever may be the case with other parts of the scheme, there will be no difficulty in making the least experienced of voters understand the one part of it on which, as Mr. GOSCHEN himself acknowledges, all the rest depends. One-pound notes are to be issued by the Bank of England, of which four-fifths are to be secured on gold, and one-fifth on securities. In other words, for four out of every five of the notes issued, sovereigns will have to be given, which will then be kept in the cellars of the Bank of England. If the notes prove generally acceptable, a great part of the gold at present in use for current transactions will be added to the Bank's reserve. It is not quite clear from Mr. GOSCHEN'S speech how far the gold earmarked as security for these notes can be said to be a reserve for any other purpose than for maintaining the credit of the notes. We presume, however, that it is hoped that the knowledge of the existence of a much greater reserve than is now maintained will tend to create a feeling of security. People will remember the existence of the reserve, and forget that it is counterbalanced by an increased liability. Whether this would prove a sound calculation in a time of panic we are not sure. It might well happen that at such a time the rush to get gold for the one-pound notes would rapidly bring the reserve back to its present figure, unless payment in specie were again suspended. But the danger for Mr. GOSCHEN'S scheme will not come so much from a belief that his reserve will be illusory, as from the very possible reluctance of the ordinary citizen to take the notes at all. Mr. GOSCHEN recognizes the risk fully. Gold is little used now except for small current transactions, and is preferred not so much because it is really more convenient as because it looks better. For a transaction above the level of the hire of a stall, or the purchase of a railway ticket, or a hat, or an umbrella, men generally use a cheque. This is so much the case that the bulk of the circulating medium has not increased in the last generation. Wages, again, are largely paid in silver, and for them the notes will be of no more use than the golden sovereign. Since, then, there is no general business necessity which will make the one-pound note desirable, its chance of acceptance depends wholly on the willingness of people to accept it instead

of the sovereign for their daily expenses. They must be persuaded that the necessity of increasing the metallic reserve of the country is so great and the advantage of the increase to everybody so clear, that for its sake they must be prepared to sacrifice their habits, prejudices, and what may be called their artistic preferences. Mr. GOSCHEN does not expect that his notes will be popular in London—and we do not know what reason there is to expect that other great towns will differ from the capital. In some districts there may be readiness to accept one-pound notes from the Bank of England; but this will hardly prove a sufficient resource. It may seem a trivial remark to make, but we think that a great deal will depend on the look of the notes when they do come into existence. If they are as ugly as the new coinage, Mr. GOSCHEN's reserve will be in pressing danger of starvation. There is nothing financial or economical about the consideration, but it is of some importance to a scheme which on Mr. GOSCHEN's own showing depends for success entirely on popularity.

"CONVENIENT THERETO."

WHAT is to be done if Parliament talks nonsense? If nonsense is talked in Parliament, it can be neglected. But when the QUEEN and the three Estates of the Realm, the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons, combine to write words which have no known signification, the remedy is less obvious and more expensive. An Act of Parliament issued by the QUEEN's printer is so far like the law of the Medes and Persians that it cannot be altered, except by those who passed it. An eminent Liberal peer claims for the House of Lords the merit of correcting the grammar and style of the Commons. But in this case neither Lord HERSCHELL, nor any other legal luminary in the same House with him, observed what must be either a solecism or a blunder. Every lawyer knows the famous section which ends with the words "money or goods upon." The judges had to supply the omission for themselves, as, indeed, it was not difficult to do. A less glaring, but equally negligent, ambiguity has lately engaged the attention of the Divisional Court. A commission agent named BUCKHILL, who resides in Yorkshire, brought an action against a potato broker, who carries on business in Covent Garden Market. The potatoes had been bought, if at all, in Yorkshire, and the agent sued for his commission. As so often happens nowadays, under our highly improved and extremely philosophical system of jurisprudence, the parties began by quarrelling about the locality where the case was to be tried. The defendant, THOMAS by name, wanted it tried at the Westminster County Court. The plaintiff, like a patriotic Yorkshireman, preferred the County Court of Thorne. The enlightened principles on which the Judicature Acts are based provide ample scope for preliminary litigation in all matters of this kind. Plaintiff and defendant—this is a typical example of how we go to law now under simple and cheapened procedure—began by filing affidavits. Plaintiff swore that the terms were arranged and the potatoes bought in the immediate neighbourhood of Thorne. Defendant swore that his shop was in Covent Garden, which is not far from the Westminster County Court, and that his witnesses lived in London. It will be observed that neither affidavit contradicted the other, and no doubt all the statements in both of them were perfectly notorious, as well as true. The Master, having perused these interesting and harmonious documents, ordered that the great potato question should be tried at Thorne. The defendant then appealed to the judge, who, after giving such time as he could spare to the subject, confirmed the order of the Master.

The defendant, nothing daunted, appealed to the Divisional Court, from which he may, if he pleases, go to the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords. The members of the Divisional Court, Lord COLERIDGE and Mr. Justice MATHEW, found themselves confronted with the following specimen of Parliamentary English:—"Where in any action of contract in the High Court the claim does not exceed, or is reduced to, one hundred pounds, either party may apply to a judge at Chambers to order the action to be tried in any Court in which the action might have been commenced, or in any Court convenient thereto." If judges are sometimes rather disposed to treat the statutes as schoolboys treat the classics—assume that they are rubbish, and do what they can for them—this County

Courts Act of 1888 lends a good deal of countenance to the assumption. "Thereto" can, of course, only refer, by any known grammatical rule or idiomatic usage, to Court. But how can a Court be convenient to any Court in which the action might have been commenced? Mr. Justice MATHEW, as an Irishman, must be well acquainted with the use of "convenient" as meaning near. Yet, even supposing the Government draftsman, or the author of a possible amendment, to be of Hibernian origin, we do not get much forwarder. For why, in the name of bad draftsmanship, should a case be heard not where it might have been begun, which would be intelligible enough, but near that place? The judges cut the knot, swallowed the grammar, and decided that it was the convenience of the parties which ought to be consulted. That is good sense; it may have been, and very likely is, what Parliament meant. It is certainly not what Parliament said. *PARSONS v. LAKENHEATH* notwithstanding, we defy the most ingenious of philological commentators to extract from the sentence, or simulacrum of a sentence, which we have quoted, the meaning the Courts have arbitrarily imposed upon it. Perhaps the judges are right, and it is their real, though not their avowed, business to supply deficiencies in the Statute-book. As a competent reporter puts the words of a bungling speaker into proper shape and form, so, for all we know, ought the interpreters of the law to do for its makers. But about the scandalous and indecent length to which these initial proceedings can be spun out all reasonable men must agree. It may cost twice as much to determine where this dispute shall be settled as it would to settle the dispute itself.

THE COMEDIAN'S RETURN.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, one is glad to see, has returned from what may be called his provincial tour, in the unfamiliar character of the "heavy father" of finance, and has resumed the impersonation of those lighter parts in which he has always been a public favourite. It is the old story of the misguided ambition of the low comedian. Our LISTON has now had his chance in serious drama, and comes back to us, we hope, a wiser, but, to his credit be it admitted, not a sadder man. Sir WILLIAM, indeed, was in excellent spirits at Derby last Thursday, and flouted Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SALISBURY, the Union of Conservative Associations, and many other things and persons with a noble sprightliness. In particular he has delighted his party by describing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the BAZAINE of Birmingham; and, indeed, "you shall find in the comparisons between the two that the situations, look you, is both alike," with the little difference that the army of Metz is not known to have applauded the action of their commander by an overwhelming majority, and to have shown on many subsequent occasions that they regard him as the patriot and the minority as the traitors. Still, one cannot fairly expect so witty a parallel to run absolutely on all fours. A slight limp in one leg is excusable and even not ungraceful; and the Gladstonians are quite justified in looking at the B which is undoubtedly to be found both in "Bazaine" and in "Birmingham," and in thanking Heaven that the two things compared are not more unlike than they are. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was less happy, perhaps, in his reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's declaration that he did not desire reunion. It hardly does to answer this with a "Nobody asked you, sir, she said," because somebody did ask him. The member for Derby was himself the pretty maid who did—unless, indeed, it was Mr. MORLEY; and the fact that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN resisted the blandishments of whichever was the would-be charmer is well known to have much to do with the exacerbation of Gladstonian animosity against him.

But perhaps the least judicious of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's sallies was his attempted drollery at the expense of the Birmingham Conference of the Conservative Associations. That, indeed, was not wise on the part of a politician who is attached to the suite of Mr. SCHNADHORST. Party discipline is no doubt an invaluable thing, and the sight of a political party who show an indisposition to follow their leader in a particular line of policy may very often be fair game enough for their political opponents. But there are times and seasons for everything, and the present time is singularly ill chosen for the indulgence in satirical humour on that subject. It is not wise to call

the attention of the public to Birmingham, when to do so is to remind them irresistibly of Newcastle. The examples of party organization thus brought into comparison are in polar opposition to each other; but, though there may be doubt which is to be preferred by the party politician, there cannot be very much question as to the preferences of anybody else. The attitude of his party at the present moment may possibly cause a Conservative some little anxiety; but the attitude of his leaders at the present moment must fill any self-respecting Liberal with shame. Never has their descent from the position of statesmen to that of the mere delegates of a wire-puller been more ignobly conspicuous than it has been since the day of Mr. GLADSTONE's appearance on the Newcastle platform. They have, indeed, abnegated all pretensions to leadership, from their chief downwards, ever since that day. They have had their orders from the man who "runs the machine," and that is enough for them. It is their duty simply to take the impossible list of measures which Mr. SCHNADHORST has put into their hands, and to deal with it each after his own fashion—Mr. GLADSTONE circuitously, Mr. MORLEY philosophically, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT jocosely. Yet even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's jocosity fails him under the burden of this humiliating task; and the passage in which he endeavoured to make out that the Gladstonians, if returned to power, would carry Home Rule, and a good deal else, was by far the most laboured and depressing part of his speech. One cannot help pitying his plight; but he should not alienate sympathy by foolishly contrasting it with the independent—even the too independent—position of the Conservatives.

THE GLADSTONE LIBRARY CO. (LIMITED).

THE following Prospectus has reached us:—

GLADSTONE LIBRARY CO. (LIMITED).

Capital, 5,000,000*l.*

The Directors of the GLADSTONE LIBRARY Co. beg to call attention to their scheme for combining pure and lofty literature with profits estimated at fifteen per cent. on Ordinary shares.

The trade of Publishing has always hitherto been, in the words of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, "a perilous business." Of new Authors, not one in five hundred pays his expenses, while the Public is capable of abandoning its most cherished favourites. A glance at the Market shows that there is no safety except in a series of "Booms," and the origin and permanence of Booms have perplexed the most acute intellects. According to the best opinions, Booms are mainly secured by Authors who have access to the Provincial Press, and who have secured a wide and warm acquaintance with London Correspondents and the Paragraphists of Evening Journals. By energetic and united effort in all these directions much may doubtless be achieved, and much may also be done by keeping an Author's name eternally before the Public, in connexion with the Famine in Russia, the Politics of Madagascar, the Language of Gipsies, the Labour Question, the Structure of the Sonnet, and other palpitating and incongruous topics. The personal adventures, journeys, wealth of an Author must also be perseveringly recorded, while the Author at Home may be relentlessly interviewed, unceasingly photographed, and generally Boomed. Occasional reports that he is dying of Mumps, that he is travelling in Kamtschatka, Terra del Fuego, or Thibet, that he is simultaneously in Chicago, Tobolsk, Chichimec, the Isle of Dogs, and Pall Mall, are warmly recommended.

The Directors do not disapprove of these interesting and popular methods, especially when combined with systematic insults to other Authors. But they cannot but conclude that even the most persistent and well-directed Booming, by the most uneducated and incompetent paragraphists, by the most cultivated and esoteric of ignoramuses, still leaves Publishing a perilous and risky affair.

To the mind of the Directors there is only one really safe resource, and that is

MR. GLADSTONE.

This critic has probably never written a letter in praise of the most ordinary volume but that volume, in the language of the Market, has "caught on." The Public feel that

the taste of Mr. GLADSTONE is immaculate, that what suits him will infallibly suit the Great Middle Class, the kernel and backbone of Britain's prosperity. When Mr. GLADSTONE has condescended to review a book, on whatever subject, its fortunes have been made. He is the true Fountain of Booms, his commendative epistles are as essential to the Author as to the Candidate.

In other times and countries the action of the Directors would have been simple and obvious. Every man (in other countries and times less strictly virtuous) had his price, and the Directors candidly own that they would be prepared to go to any expense for the purpose of purveying a Pure and Wholesome Literary *Pabulum*. But it is needless to remark that, to be explicit, Mr. GLADSTONE is *not to be nobbled*. The Directors have not waited on him, as men aware of the inconveniences of being kicked downstairs.

The proposal of the Directors, then, is simply to make a Corner in truly Pure, Wholesome, Remunerative, and Gladstonian Literary *Pabulum*, by buying up, at any cost, all Copyrights of Books noticed by Mr. GLADSTONE. These Copyrights are now in various hands. But the Directors, relying on their unprecedented Capital, expect soon to be able to offer to the Public

THE GLADSTONE LIBRARY.

This will not include Mr. GLADSTONE's *own* works, some of which no longer exactly express his matured opinions on political subjects, while others, dealing with Ancient Greece, are necessarily distasteful to a truly Modern Public. Besides, it is conspicuously plain that Mr. GLADSTONE cannot boom his own books, nor, in the manner of Mr. TOOTS, write letters of literary approval to himself.

It is the belief of the Directors that, when the GLADSTONE LIBRARY is once published, nobody in England or Scotland will ever read any other books whatever. Other publishers will be driven out of the field; Authors not applauded by Mr. GLADSTONE will have to emigrate; while the tone of Society will become serious, pure, and wholesome. Applications for shares are, therefore, confidently awaited.

AN UNSATISFACTORY VERDICT.

IT is impossible to congratulate either the prosecution, the jury, or even, we must add, the judge, on the course and result of the proceedings instituted against the Eastbourne Salvationists. No doubt it may be difficult to assign to each of the three parties their precise share of responsibility for the fact that the defendants have been acquitted of an offence which they undoubtedly committed, and found guilty of, one of which it is very doubtful whether any evidence existed; but that this is what has happened is unfortunately only too clear. The mystification of the jury may be due either to the framing of the indictment, or the adopted method of supporting it by argument and evidence, or to the terms in which the judge summed up the case upon it; but anyhow mystified the jury were. They found that certain persons who had been clearly enough proved to have contravened the provisions of the Eastbourne Improvement Act had not committed that offence, and that while thus escaping conviction under the plain words of a statute, they had been guilty of the extremely vague, and with difficulty definable, common law offence of unlawful assembly. This, no doubt, is technically a verdict for the prosecution, and the Eastbourne authorities are of course justified for the present in treating it as such; as also, we think, was their counsel in protesting against the vigorous examination—not to call it "heckling"—to which the jury were subjected by Mr. Justice HAWKINS. Nevertheless, it is indisputable that the result of that somewhat irregular judicial investigation was to raise a strong presumption that the jury had been altogether at sea, and that they were by no means clear as to the legal import, and even the practical effect, of their own finding.

This seems to come out clearly enough in the first three or four answers given by the foreman to the judge's questions. Asked whether they found that anything done by the defendants was calculated to disturb the peace, the foreman replied that the fact that they took their instruments down to the place had been sufficient to convince the jury that it was likely to cause a disturbance. This view of the matter, although not unreasonable in itself, would doubtless afford an inadequate basis for a verdict of

unlawful assembly; and Mr. Justice HAWKINS proceeded by further questions to elicit from the foreman, or at any rate to make it appear from his admission, that this was in fact the sole ground of their verdict. The foreman then attempted to mend his plea by saying that the defendants, in the opinion of the jury, had broken the Eastbourne Act by "taking their instruments through the town"—a proposition clearly untenable in itself, and promptly repudiated by another jurymen as not representing the general opinion of the panel. Mr. Justice HAWKINS of course pronounced the proposition to be untenable, discharged the defendants on their own recognizances, and reserved a case for the Court for the consideration of Crown Cases Reserved as to "whether there was any evidence at all to support the verdict, and whether his own ruling was correct, or had put the case too broadly against the defendants." We should certainly have supposed this to be improbable; but, apart from any question of misdirection, it is more than possible that the appellate tribunal may pronounce the verdict to be unsustainable on the evidence and quash the conviction. In any case, the result can hardly be other than most unsatisfactory. For no one, unless he is of that order of persons whose view of the rights and wrongs of the matter is entirely perverted, as, indeed, the learned judge's seems to have been a little obscured, by the brutal behaviour of the Eastbourne mob, can doubt that the defendants have committed an offence against the law, and that they ought to be punished for it.

THE ELECTION OF WELSH MEMBERS.

WHEN the bards of the future come to sing the epic of Carmarthen, their tale, if truly told, will be a rather ridiculous one. It will begin with the mythical ages when the poet of Penbryn still wooed the constituency which had for the third time preferred another before him. The light of undoubted history will illuminate the Conference of Welsh Radicals at Llandrindod when the American warrior did not debase the leading members of the constituency with champagne, and another Conference at Shrewsbury when the poet unwarily expressed approval of a plan proposed by a bishop. Then will follow the strife of public meetings, the more deadly "sinister influences both within and without the borough"—Anglicised wire-pulling—which occupied the autumn of the year, the poll at Llanelly, when the warrior defeated the poet by two to one, and that vengeance which Carmarthen will take on the tinplaters, in a manner of which the present generation is for the moment uncertain. It might not be beyond the art of an imaginative Celt to invest the whole with something worthy of the dignity of a local Clio, were it not for the unfortunate fact that Mr. Morris has left documentary evidence of the state of mind in which he approached and conducted the contest. When a would-be Parliamentary candidate has been rejected three times by his own side, he is unwise to complain that either he is not well enough known by those among whom he has always lived, or that they are unusually stupid. The first alternative is obviously improbable, and the second certainly uncomplimentary, while the two together suggest a third, which is probable, but also uncomplimentary, though not to the constituency. We do not know that matters are much improved by Mr. Morris's plea that, after he had been defeated in another constituency, Mr. Gladstone expressed an opinion that he would suit the one which now seems inclined to reject him. To wish a man better luck another time at a different place may be kind, but is not encouraging. Of the merits of the particular contest no man who has the misfortune to live outside Carmarthen and Llanelly need care to inquire deeply. We all know and admire him of Penbryn, and frankly admit that, except as a politician, he would be a most agreeable addition to the House of Commons. As to his antagonist, Major Jones, we know that he has served his adopted country of the United States of America in the two creditable positions of a soldier and a consul. Having thus had some knowledge, both military and civil, of the world outside Carmarthenshire, he may do less harm to his most recently adopted, though native, country as a Radical member of Parliament than others would. The existence of the contest in its present phase would have excited no attention had it not been for Mr. Morris's reputation as a poet. Whether or not he has enhanced this reputation by his conduct as a politician is a question of literature which will not be affected by the decision of the political question.

Apart, however, from the question of the personal merits of the two candidates, the present dispute reveals to the outer world

the manner in which democracy achieves its representation in the pre-eminently Welsh portions of this country. Contests between two Radicals for the position of the recognized candidate of the Radical party have not been uncommon of late years. Many of the Welsh seats are at present a practical certainty for the Radical party. The selection of a candidate thus gives ample scope to that gift for intrigue which limited political sympathies, combined with keen party feelings and a jealous isolation from the rest of the country, have made characteristic of modern Welsh politicians. Two recent contests of this kind were decided by the particular form of Dissent favoured by the different candidates. Two others became, as far as outsiders could ascertain, merely personal questions. So far as the present case is concerned, the personal attraction of the candidates is further complicated by the jealousy existing between the ancient and agricultural borough of Carmarthen and the modern and industrial town of Llanelly. Whether the differences governing the selection are religious, personal, or local, they are all three nearly equally bad tests for the purpose. When a serious charge that one candidate seduced influential electors with glasses of champagne is seriously answered by a countercharge that the other agreed with a bishop as to the advisability of allowing a Church and a Dissenting College to form part of a proposed Welsh University, it is rather difficult to believe that the constituency realizes the responsibility which it exercises in its choice. When it is pretty plainly intimated that the town which is the second to poll its Radical voters is sure to give its candidate any desired majority, it suggests that there is a good deal of what is euphemistically called "friction" between the Radicals of the two towns. That the constituents do feel strongly on one political question of real importance—namely, the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales—must be admitted, as no candidate would have a chance of selection who did not subscribe to the orthodox opinion on the subject. But, apart from that topic, no other question of which outsiders can pretend to take a serious view seems to excite the faintest interest. And even here the important question is treated in the same way as the minor ones. The ignorance and chicanery prevailing in most of the Welsh constituencies have been encouraged and increased by the immorality of the compact between the official Radicals in England and the dominant faction in Wales, that the latter, who care nothing for Home Rule in Ireland, should nevertheless assist the former in obtaining it in order that they may afterwards obtain their assistance in the disestablishment of the Church.

This pettiness of view locally has its effect when the fortunate candidate of Radical selection is duly returned to Parliament. No one who is not a member of the Welsh imitation of the late Mr. Parnell's late party can form a true idea of the extent to which this is carried. The cross divisions of a small knot of generally obscure members of Parliament do not greatly concern the world at large; but a sufficient test of their fitness for legislation generally will be found in their obstruction of the Clergy Discipline Bill at the end of the last Session. The harm which such a Bill could do to Welsh Dissenters is obvious; but the obstruction it met with is discreditable both to the members responsible for it and to their constituencies. It is fortunate that, though the modern Welsh politician, both in Wales and at Westminster, has abundant skill for the construction of a nefarious policy, he has not sufficient power of combination, or sufficient skill to prevent him from exposing its character to the world at large. The present degradation of politics in Wales will last till some man arises who can force the attention of the Welsh to some of the numerous questions which are of immediate importance to them, although they do not know it. But such a man must be strong enough to stand apart from the miserable contests such as that now being carried on in Carmarthenshire. Mr. Morris might have been expected to be such a man; but it is to be feared that his conduct in the present juncture shows conclusively that he is not.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. MARGARET'S.

THE religious service given at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in memory of the late Earl of Lytton was a boon bestowed by Lady Lytton upon his friends and his admirers. It was an excellent thought beautifully carried out, and that it was appreciated was evident not only from the fullness of the attendance, but from the stillness of its homage. Had a foreigner entered the chapel at the very beginning of the service he—or we may even venture to say she—would at once have silenced the creak of the boot or the rustle of the dress, remaining still and reverential. The service was choral, and there can be no doubt that music, whatever may be said against its appeal to passion by

those who prefer unassisted declamation, can rouse the enthusiasm of worship in many hearts which are repelled by the loud shout of dry prose; and it is difficult to imagine that any soul could remain unstirred while the boys' choir sang with their clear thrilling harmonious voices that anthem which brings peace to the troubled soul, "He giveth His beloved sleep," or the hymn, "Let Saints on earth in concert sing," which carries with it a deep sense of consolation.

The service concluded with a discourse at once brief and full by Archdeacon Farrer, who discarded all commonplace, giving strongly and simply his own impression of the admirable qualities of the man whose loss we mourned as statesman, poet, and friend; to this he added a few words, eloquent and none the less true, telling of the grace and force of the partner of Lord Lytton's life, all the troubles of which she shared, and therefore lessened, all the triumphs of which she enhanced by her presence.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN the last session of the Cortes the Spanish Government carried an Act authorizing the Bank of Spain to increase its note circulation from 30 millions sterling to 60 millions sterling, on condition that it kept a third of the circulation in gold and silver; and at the same time it took power itself to issue at home an internal 4 per cent. redeemable loan to the amount of 10 millions sterling. Doubting whether it could place this new loan on favourable terms, the Government at first urged the Bank to open negotiations with the Messrs. Rothschild for the renewal of existing loans to the Bank, and for a fresh advance of between two and three millions sterling. The existing loans were renewed by Messrs. Rothschild and a group of Paris bankers; but very naturally the Messrs. Rothschild refused a further advance, and now the Government has decided to issue the loan for 10 millions sterling. There is no doubt that, in spite of the embarrassed state of the Government and the difficulties of the Bank of Spain, the Spanish population has advanced in material wealth considerably of recent years, and there ought to be no difficulty, therefore, in raising the amount specified if the issue price is fixed low enough. It is perfectly clear that, in the present state of the French and Berlin Bourses, there is little chance of borrowing either in Paris or Berlin unless the Spanish public gives proof that it has confidence in the future of its own country. The best way, therefore, to re-establish Spanish credit is for the Spanish people themselves to do what is immediately necessary to help the Government out of its difficulties. But even if the loan is successful it will only afford temporary relief. Roughly, the Government owes to the Bank of Spain about 30 millions sterling. To make advances on such an enormous scale the Bank, in the first place, has had during the past four or five years to reduce the accommodation it gives to the trading and agricultural classes by about one-third, and at the same time to increase enormously its note circulation. The result is that the notes have fallen to a discount of about 15 per cent., and it is clear that they will fall to a greater discount unless the Bank can comply with the law which requires it to keep in gold and silver one-third of the note circulation, and unless at the same time the Government gives satisfactory assurance that it will not go on borrowing from the Bank. The Government, supposing this loan to be successful, may be able to repay three or four millions sterling to the Bank, and that would enable the Bank to buy gold and silver, and so obtain a metallic reserve that will restore confidence to the public. But the question remains, Will the Government refrain in future from borrowing from the Bank? If it does not, the note circulation will go on increasing, the distrust at home and abroad will also increase, and the credit both of the Government and of the Bank will fall lower. But the Government clearly will have to borrow by-and-by unless it can succeed either in largely increasing its revenue or in largely reducing its expenditure. How it is to do either is not very clear. It cannot reduce the charge for the debt without breaking faith with its creditors, and it does not feel safe to reduce either the army or the navy. Very great retrenchment, therefore, does not seem possible; and, on the other hand, the Government does not dare to propose fresh taxation in sufficient amount, while hitherto the Cortes has been very unwilling to comply with the demands for increased revenue which have been made. It would, no doubt, be easy to increase the revenue if the Government and the Cortes would set about earnestly reforming the total fiscal system. But that would imply, in the first place, getting rid of a large number of officials, which would mean creating much dissatisfaction. It would imply, in the second place, changing the incidence of taxation and making the richer classes pay a much larger proportion than they do at

present, which no Government hitherto has ventured to propose; and it would imply, in the third place, a departure from the extreme Protectionist system that is in favour with the Government party. A permanent and satisfactory improvement in the finances of Spain does not, therefore, seem probable. Still, it will be something if the Government succeeds in raising the new loan, and handing over to the Bank of Spain enough of money to increase its gold and silver so largely that it will be able to reduce the note circulation and to raise the value of the notes once more to par. The danger of a grave crisis in the immediate future will thus be averted, and time will be given for the adoption of a wiser policy if the Government has the knowledge and the courage requisite for carrying out such a policy.

The money market has become dull and lifeless during the week, and the rate of discount in the outside market has fallen to 2½ per cent. Partly this is due to the repayment of loans raised a little while ago by the Bank of England, but mainly it is a consequence of the small demand for gold by the United States. A little while ago it was thought inevitable that, as Europe required so much grain from America, the latter would take immense amounts of gold; but the sums withdrawn up to the present are small, and the belief now is that they will continue small for a long time to come. At the same time the settlements on the Continent at the beginning of the month are going over smoothly, and apprehension, therefore, has abated, while the Continental demand for gold is small. The expectation, then, is that money will remain abundant and cheap for months to come.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech at Merchant Taylors' Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, tends to make the market easier. In substance Mr. Goschen renews the proposal made by him at Leeds, to authorize the Bank of England to issue one-pound notes when the gold held by that institution amounts to 22 millions. Four-fifths of the notes are to be secured upon gold, and one upon securities. The object of the plan, our readers know, is to strengthen the Bank of England, and to enable it to deal more effectually, and without infringement of the law, in cases of crisis. But the City seems to have jumped to the conclusion that the issue of one-pound notes would inflate the currency, and therefore make the money market easy. That is a mistake. The one-pound notes would displace an equivalent amount of coin; four-fifths of the coin would be locked up in the Bank of England, and only one-fifth would remain by any possibility to inflate the currency. But it is inevitable, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer admits, that this one-fifth would not remain in circulation, but would be exported. There would, in fact, therefore, be no inflation, and consequently the money market would not be affected. The plan also contemplates giving the Bank power to issue notes without holding gold or securities against them in a crisis, on condition that a high rate of interest is charged to borrowers.

The silver market was utterly lifeless till Thursday, and the price of the metal fell to 43½d. per oz. Even Mr. Goschen's declaration that the Government would probably be willing to renew the offer made ten years ago by Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet to authorize the Bank of England to hold one-fifth of its metallic reserve in silver if the silver-using countries would open their mints to the free coinage of the metal, at first failed to have much effect upon it. As the offer was rejected ten years ago, it is hardly likely to be accepted as sufficient just now. Moreover, the demand for silver both by India and the Continent is small. On Thursday evening American buying sent the price to 44½d. per oz.

There was a good deal of speculation in Consols at the beginning of the week, as it was believed, on what grounds did not appear, that Mr. Goschen intended to authorize a very large issue of one-pound notes on Consols. As a matter of fact, his proposal, as explained above, is to authorize the Bank of England to issue one-pound notes, four-fifths on the security of gold and only one-fifth on the security of Consols. Therefore, even if 25 millions of one-pound notes were issued, only 5 millions would be on Consols, while 20 millions would be on gold. Such a small increase of the fiduciary issue cannot have any material influence upon the price of Consols. Meantime there is a decided abatement of the apprehensions that lately existed respecting Paris and Berlin. The settlement in Berlin last week passed over smoothly, and the settlement in Paris this week is also going on quietly. Evidently the speculation for the fall had been carried too far, and the syndicate for the Russian loan, having been relieved of a large part of its engagements by the Russian Government, is powerful enough now to turn upon the speculators, and frighten them into buying back. Therefore the rise in the foreign market continues; but every day that it goes on it makes the situation more and more dangerous. When once the speculators for the fall have all closed their accounts, there will be no support of the market; the great bankers and capitalists will have to go on buying, or there is sure to be a

breakdown. For the moment, however, they are aided by the prospect of a temporary improvement in Spain, explained above, and by the optimist Budget statement of the Italian Minister of the Treasury. All the same the difficulties continue, and are likely to make themselves felt once more before long.

The wheat market has not yet begun to move considerably, for the Continent is not buying largely; but it seems inevitable that early in the new year there must be an advance in prices. Trade remains quiet, but it is fairly satisfactory all the same, as is shown by the weekly railway traffic returns.

A misconception of Mr. Goschen's plan has caused a sharp rise in Consols; they closed on Thursday afternoon at 95, which, allowing for the deduction of the next interest made at the settlement this week, shows an advance, compared with Thursday of last week, of $\frac{1}{16}$. In the foreign market the advance of last week has been continued, owing to the smoothness with which the settlements in Paris and Berlin passed off, and the efforts of the great bankers to corner speculative sellers. Portuguese Threes closed on Thursday afternoon at $36\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$. Spanish Fours closed at $67\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Italian closed at $89\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Hungarian closed at 90, a rise of 2; Russian Fours closed at $93\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Egyptian Prefs closed at $89\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Egyptian Unified closed at 95, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Even South American securities have recovered during the week. Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday afternoon at 62, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and the Funding Loan closed at 57, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. But there has been a further depreciation of Argentine railway stocks. Thus Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 122-5, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; and Central Argentine closed at 48-50, also a fall of 2. On the other hand, Brazilian Four and a Half and Fours advanced 1 each, the former closing at 65-7, and the latter at 61-62. Chilean Four and a Half also rose 1, closing at 91-2. In Home Railway stocks the changes have not been considerable, except in the Deferred stocks. Brighton A closed on Thursday at $148\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{1}{2}$; and South-Eastern A closed at $84\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. North-Western closed at $172\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; and Midland closed at $162\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American department the changes have been unusually small considering all the conditions; but investment stocks generally have advanced. Pennsylvania shares closed on Thursday afternoon at $56\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$. New York Central closed at $119\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Lake Shore closed at $129\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$.

THE THEATRES.

IT would not be easy to find a modern play which lends itself to the burlesque writer so suggestively as Mr. Jones's *Dancing Girl*. There are absurdities in *The Crusaders* which may well tempt the parodist, but much of this piece is in itself so nearly allied to burlesque that the scope remaining for the designer of caricature is small. *The Dancing Girl*, however, is in many respects a particularly tempting subject, and the dulness of the quasi-comic version produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre under the title of *The Prancing Girl* is, therefore, disappointing. The title itself has a melancholy meaninglessness about it; it does not strike one as funny on a first hearing, and will not bear investigation. But it is quite worthy of the piece. It is not often that a production so entirely misses its mark. There is usually in burlesques of popular plays one certain hit—a diverting imitation of the representatives of the original characters. To what extent it is fair play to satirize in this fashion a serious work has been argued without arrival at agreement; for if a playgoer has seen the burlesque first, or if in any case he goes to see the drama a second time, recollections of the parody have mischievous effects. But to be burlesqued is the penalty of success, and, while we cannot help sympathizing in some degree with the tragic or romantic actor who is pained by the whimsical caricature of his efforts, we must confess to finding entertainment in clever mimicry, more especially, of course, when the author has given the actor something humorous to work upon. At the Prince of Wales' Theatre all is sterile. The author has afforded his characters no opportunities, and they would obviously be unable to take them if he had done so.

Much of the burlesque is curiously perplexing. A Mr. Playfair is apparently set to imitate Mr. Beerbohm Tree; indeed, as to the intention there can be no doubt, for it is admitted in the playbill—and in such a burlesque as this these aids to perception are not to be despised. But why does the burlesque actor wear enormous

white canvas shoes of the sort only found at the seaside when dressed otherwise in evening clothes, and bent upon receiving guests at the ducal mansion? Mr. Tree always dresses with propriety and good taste; if he did not, exaggerations of slovenliness would be a fair burlesque hit. But as it is, what does it mean? So, again, the player to whose lot it falls to imitate Mr. Frederick Terry seems to have no gift in the direction of mimicry, and, for incomprehensible reasons, assumes the dress and manners of an East End costermonger. Why should he do so? Burlesque is the ludicrous exaggeration of striking features in a play or in a player's method, or, if possible, in both. There is not the dimmest suggestion of the costermonger in Mr. Terry's character at the Haymarket; if anything, he over-refines his part, and true burlesque would have gone in the other direction, and made him fastidious rather than vulgar. In truth, this burlesque is only worth examination as a specimen of what should be avoided, though it is at the same time certain that, if "burlesque" on these lines is not avoided by author and manager, an example will be set by audiences. A good burlesque, too, is so popular, so certain an attraction. The shout of laughter inevitably raised as the peculiarity of some well-known player is made recognizable, or some point in a piece carried on to the step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous, tells its own tale. The only performer who here exhibits any capacity for the work undertaken is Miss Adelaide Newton, who does succeed in forcibly recalling the voice and manner of Miss Rose Leclercq. The extreme stupidity of *The Prancing Girl* is, however, compensated for by the brightness of *Miss Decima*. The humour of Mr. David James, the very neat and graceful performance of Miss Decima Moore, and the rendering by Mr. Chauncey Olcott and Mr. Hayden Coffin of M. Audran's particularly melodious music, give the piece well-deserved popularity. But visitors may be cautioned to shun *The Prancing Girl*, if she survives long enough to furnish them with a choice of seeing or avoiding her.

At the Criterion Theatre Mr. Charles Wyndham has revived *Brighton*, Mr. Bronson Howard's sprightly four-act farce, known in the States as *Saratoga*. The manager has therein done well. Mr. Wyndham is clever and adaptable; but we much prefer him as Bob Sackett, the exceedingly volatile hero of this piece, to David Garrick, in the comedy of that name, and are strongly of opinion that his real strength lies in such characters as that which the American dramatist has so amusingly devised. The principal actor is only moderately well supported. Miss Mary Moore is, of course, graceful and refined; but grace and refinement are not quite the qualifications most necessary for a piece like *Brighton*, and we have often seen this pleasant actress more suitably employed.

A change has also to be chronicled at the Court Theatre. The *Pantomime Rehearsal* now finds here its fourth home, having previously done service at Terry's, the Shaftesbury, and Toole's. Mr. Cecil Clay's far-away imitation of *The Critic* in modern guise contains the germ of a diverting idea, which is carried out very humorously indeed by Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Little, and a bevy of young ladies, who all enter thoroughly into the spirit of the fun. Set off with some tolerable songs and fairly effective dances, the little piece continues to create hearty merriment.

THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION.

THERE can be no question that at first sight the Victorian Exhibition, which opened at the New Gallery last Wednesday, is a disappointing one. When we think of the romantic and picturesque collections which have preceded it, this assemblage of miscellaneous objects, dealing with the period from 1837 to 1887, is not particularly exhilarating. Yet closer examination shows us that a singularly rich and characteristic exhibition has been brought together at the New Gallery, one, too, of which it would be a difficult matter to exhaust the curious attractions. The fact is that the main body of the show, the pictures, lack novelty. We have seen all the best of them before, and a great deal is brought together here which is not of the best. It would be ungracious to criticize the selection and arrangement of the pictures, to which, we do not doubt, much thought was given in the face of difficulties. So little of our recent history has been painted, that it was, doubtless, impossible to find many historical pictures; if none could be secured better than J. J. Barker's "Relief of Lucknow" (147), in the North Gallery, we care not how few could be found. But the portraits have not been kept quite in order of merit or interest. We yield to none in our loyalty to the reigning family, yet we think that in an exhibition of portraits of the dead, the portraits of living princes and princesses, remote from the throne, might have been made less prominent. We shall, perhaps, wound a prejudice when we say

that there can be too much of even so good a thing as the art of Mr. Watts. He is a great painter, but if more than thirty large portraits painted by him are to be hung in what is really rather a small collection, we think that they should exclusively be those of interesting or noted persons. We have other opportunities of enjoying Mr. Watts's talent as an artist; at the Victoria Exhibition the subject is even more important than the painter. Yet in the South Gallery one of the best places on the line is occupied by a large portrait of a lady by Mr. Watts, which certainly would not be here if any lesser man had painted it. Of this lady—"very popular," the Catalogue kindly tells us, "in society"—we now hear the name for the first time; and her husband, also painted by Mr. Watts, is equally obscure. Our ever-faithful guide, the Catalogue, tells us that "he held a seat in Parliament for a short time in 1851"; but, surely, neither of those worthy persons ought to take up valuable space in a Victorian Exhibition.

The Court pictures are so numerous as to form the principal feature of the show. Why are Court pictures so funny, and at the same time so melancholy? There is a great marriage piece here by Sir George Hayter, which a man must be as grave as a church-door not to smile at. Here is a prelate, humped up to express obsequiousness, standing in a sort of box, with an august ellipse of historical characters drawn up in front of him. Some of them are females and are balloons of drapery, and some are males and have wooden legs. Not one of them looks at the prelate, or at anybody else, but, quite stiff and stark, in every luscious variety of satin and kerseymere, each stares straight in front. They do not know, and he does not know, that behind his box, out of the shadow, come stalking an awful row of dowagers, all in exact profile, like witches in a theatre. To a frivolous mind, again, the Coronation Piece of the same painter (6) is a fruitful source of joy. The assembled peers are assuming their coronets, and their expressions as they do so are beyond price. One or two hasty peers have already crowned themselves with the red velvet of their rank; others wear their coronets in attitudes of modest ecstasy or truculence; others, again, have lost theirs, and are rating infant pages for having run away with them, while one hereditary legislator, evidently crazed with joy, publicly prepares to sit upon his headgear.

The want of artistic merit about these large compositions has often been complained of, but could hardly have been avoided. There is but one real picture here among the Court pieces. Tuxen's Jubilee painting of the Queen surrounded by her entire family (70) is glaring in colour, but is, in a sense, a picture. Here the figures are drawn together into some sort of relation; here at least each individual figure does not seem to have been cut out and stuck upon the face of the canvas. How difficult it is to do better than or even so well as this, we see when we examine the work in this class of so excellent and so intelligent a painter as Sir James Linton, whose marriage of the Duke of Albany is not, essentially, any better than all the Winterhalters and Angelis. The auspices under which these works are executed are eminently unfavourable to the production of an artistic result. No figure must be subordinated, none must be placed in shadow or in contrasted attitude. Each personage demands the full personal attention of the painter, and must be seen as distinctly and as favourably as any other figure. Art does not enter into the conception of a Court picture, and it is not surprising, therefore, that it cannot be forced into its execution. Among these Court pictures many, nay most, are almost hackneyed to those who know the principal Royal residences. More especially, the portraits of Her Majesty the Queen are generally familiar. But most people will now see for the first time the very odd triptych of the Queen, with her cousins Prince George of Cumberland and Prince George of Cambridge (5), painted in 1832, and therefore when the three personages were thirteen years of age. They are signed by Dubois Drahonet, and are of a quaint brightness, like Indian pictures on rice-paper.

THE WEATHER.

THE weather has continued, on the whole, rather warm for the season, our Martinmas summer having lasted unusually long; and, as might be expected with a high winter temperature, we have been visited by more than one depression from the Atlantic, fortunately, however, without bringing serious storms. Rain has been pretty general through the week, and in the south of England very heavy at its close. The first of the disturbances of which we have spoken appeared on Friday evening, November 27, and by Saturday morning a well-marked cyclonic system, with readings below 29 inches at its centre, lay off the coast of Mayo, and southerly gales were blowing at Cork and in Donegal Bay. The action of this system at the western stations

was to cause the temperature to rise "by leaps and bounds," the change in twenty-four hours being at Parsonstown 17°, at two other Irish stations 13°, and as much as 10° in many parts of England and Scotland. Heavy rain fell, too, on Friday—nearly an inch in the south of Ireland. The depression moved quickly northwards, in its passage producing gales in the north of Scotland on Saturday evening, the thermometer in Ireland, in the rear of the storm, falling just as rapidly as it had risen on the previous day. Monday was calm and very much colder over central and eastern England than Sunday had been; consequently fog was rather prevalent in the morning. In the evening another depression arrived on the north-west coast of Ireland, and again southerly gales were reported from the Irish stations. During the day a secondary depression broke off from the Atlantic system, and passed over central England, making Tuesday night excessively wet, though without much wind. Wednesday was very fine in London, but in the evening the western barometers again fell, and at night a heavy gale set in at all the northern stations. The temperature, though generally high, has been very unsteady during the week, several changes exceeding 10° in the twenty-four hours having been noticed. Numerous stations have registered maximum readings above 50°, and again in Scotland and the north of England the thermometer went five or six degrees below the freezing-point on the nights of Thursday and Friday in last week. In France the week has been generally dry and weather calm. We said last week that November had treated us well on the whole. The total amount of sunshine registered in London during the month was 27 hours—a figure somewhat higher than the average.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE movement of a Concerto by Herr David Popper which was played on the occasion of his appearance at the Crystal Palace Concerts last October did not rouse expectations that the works from his pen, played at his Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall last week, would be so interesting as proved to be the case. Their success was therefore all the more striking and satisfactory. The "Requiem," for three violoncellos with pianoforte accompaniment, in which the composer modestly took the least conspicuous place, the other soloists being M. Delsart, Mr. Edwin Howell, and Mr. Cowen, is a short work consisting of a single movement in F sharp minor, but it is entitled to high praise for sustained excellence and dignity of effect. Its performance was absolutely perfect, and it produced a most favourable impression upon an audience largely consisting of professional musicians. Herr Popper's Suite for Violoncello and Orchestra, "Im Walde," was hardly less successful. It is full of graceful and effective writing, and gave the admirable artist full opportunity of displaying his wonderful technique and beautiful tone. The fourth movement, entitled "Reigen," pleased so much that it had to be repeated. In place of the concluding movement, Herr Popper interpolated his *moto continuo*, "Elfentanz," which is tolerably familiar to English audiences. The artist was also heard in Saint-Saëns's Violoncello Concerto in A minor, Op. 30; a very attractive work, though constructed more upon the lines of a fantasia than of a strict concerto. The concert also included songs by Mme. Valleria, whose voice seemed to have recovered much of its old quality, and by Miss Dews, a contralto of promise.

The third Symphony Concert, which took place on the 26th ult., brought forward the talented young violoncellist Jean Gérardy, who played Volckmann's Concerto in A minor, Op. 33—a work which has much in common, both as to form and treatment, with the Concerto of Saint-Saëns, played by Herr Popper on the previous evening. Like all the Hungarian composer's music, it is extremely melodious and refined, and it suits the young Belgian player to perfection. The programme of this concert also included the "Charfreitags-Zauber" from the last act of Wagner's *Parsifal*, which was performed on this occasion with the voice parts, the character of Gurnemanz being taken by Mr. Plunket Greene, and that of Parsifal by Mr. John Probert. It is almost needless to say that the scene loses terribly in effect by being performed in a concert-room; but, in spite of this, the performance was very good, a result which was much aided by Mr. Plunket Greene's earnestness and intelligence. Mr. Probert seemed paralysed with nervousness, and incapable of doing himself justice. The Symphony was Beethoven's No. 7, which has been played so often of late that it seems to have completely driven Nos. 2, 4, and 8 out of the field. An occasional performance of one of these would be welcome, if only for the sake of change. The concert ended with Wagner's brilliant "Huldigungs-Marsch."

At the Popular Concert last Saturday afternoon, a new pianist

made her first appearance in London. Mlle. Szumowska, who is quite young, is a pupil of M. Paderewski. She took part in Beethoven's early Pianoforte Quartet in E flat, Op. 16, and played as solos Schumann's "Papillons" and Chopin's Ballade in G minor, Op. 23. As would be expected from the pupil of such a master, her technique and style leave nothing to be desired; her playing is thoroughly good and full of intelligence, but at present it cannot be said to show signs of much individuality. In the Quartet, which, curiously enough, seems never previously to have been played at these concerts, she was not quite at her ease, but her playing of the Ballade evoked a demand for an encore, to which she responded by playing a new Intermezzo from the pen of her master. The violinist at this concert was M. Ysaÿe, who gave a very fine performance of the Prelude and Fugue from Bach's sonata in G, and for an encore played the study of Paganini which created so marked an impression at the concert of the previous Monday. In songs by Beethoven and Schubert Miss Rosina Brandram sang with great intelligence and excellent effect.

On Tuesday evening Mlle. Louise Douste de Fortis gave the first of a series of three Chamber Concerts at Prince's Hall. The programme was commendably brief and decidedly interesting. It opened with Benjamin Godard's Second Trio for Piano and Strings in F, a comparatively recent work of this voluminous composer, and dedicated to Grieg. In this country M. Godard is chiefly known by his songs; but there is scarcely any form of composition which he has not essayed, and the Trio played on Tuesday is a characteristic specimen of his powers. It is full of charming melody and effective writing, but wanting in strength, and insufficiently worked out. These defects are most noticeable in the opening Allegro; the second and third movements, a brief Adagio, and a very taking Vivace are the best part of the work, probably because their form demands less constructive ability. The brilliant piano part was well played by Mlle. Douste de Fortis, the violin being M. René Ortmans, and the violoncello M. Hollmann. The latter artist was the least successful of the three, for his style by no means lends itself to the performance of chamber-music. M. Ortmans also joined the concert-giver in Dr. Hubert Parry's fine Partita in D, the charming "Bourrée Fantastique" of which narrowly escaped an encore. Songs were contributed by Mme. Sandon, and the concert concluded with Brahms's Pianoforte Quartet in C minor, Op. 60.

It is satisfactory to record that the attendance at Mlle. Kleeberg's second Recital, which took place on Wednesday afternoon, was much larger than at her previous concert. The young French pianist is so admirable an artist that she well deserves to take high rank in public favour; by musicians she has for some time been placed among the first pianists of the day. On Wednesday her programme was—with the exception of three pieces by Chopin—entirely selected from the works of German composers. Every number was played with unflinching accuracy and musicianly feeling; but, among so much that was good, Mlle. Kleeberg's performance of Bach's Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Variations in C minor, and Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor showed that she possesses higher powers than mere technical display. The charm of her playing was well displayed in the various short pieces which formed the latter part of the programme. Chopin's Prelude in G major, and Theodor Kirchner's Albumblatt in F (Op. 7, No. 2) pleased the audience so much that both had to be repeated.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE appearance of Mr. Hermann Vezin in low comedy naturally excited no little curiosity in the professional audience gathered together at the Opera Comique Theatre on Monday afternoon. Mr. Vezin is so intimately associated with tragedy that to behold him bounding about in a dark wig and a military moustache was, indeed, a remarkable spectacle. Unluckily, the farcical comedy in which he appeared, and which he has adapted from the German of Julius Rosen, is very poor stuff, full of absurdities, which more often than not fell flat. *Mrs. M. P.* was neither worth the trouble of adapting nor of acting. Miss Edith Chester and Miss Violet Thornycroft played briskly enough, and Mr. G. R. Foss and Mr. Graham Wentworth aided Mr. Hermann Vezin in the difficult task of making fun with dull material. Two newcomers, Mr. Orlando Bassett and Miss Alice Maitland, made a distinct success on this occasion, not only in Mr. Vezin's piece, but in a very amateurish *lever de rideau* by Miss Freund-Lloyd—in which, by the way, Miss Eleanor Bufton returned to the stage, and was cordially welcomed after a long absence.

Signor Lago has been able to make terms with Mr. Edwardes to prolong his successful season at the Shaftesbury Theatre by

another week. The last performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* will take place on Saturday, December 12. It will be preceded by *Orfeo*, in which an English singer, Mlle. Marie Brema, has made a deserved success both as actress and vocalist. At a time when the lyric stage is almost exclusively occupied by Transatlantic *prima-donnas*, this lady deserves encouragement. When Signor Lago finally retires on his well-earned laurels, he will be able to boast that he is the only manager who has been able to give a performance of serious opera before the Queen in the last thirty years. Her Majesty was charmed with Maestro Mascagni's opera, and in her turn charmed manager and singers alike by her gracious recognition of them at the close of the performance.

A performance at the Théâtre Français of an adapted translation of Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, entitled *La Mégère Apprivoisée*, has proved fairly successful. It is an interesting event, for this particular comedy has hitherto never been a favourite with French admirers of our greatest dramatist. In Paris *La Mégère* is a good deal tamed to suit French tastes before Petruccio undertakes her reformation. M. Coquelin plays Petruccio on broad farce principles, and forgets that his hero is an Italian gentleman. However, he does not slap Katherine, who, in the hands of Mlle. Marsay, is a very picturesque and charming Paduan *grande dame*, haughty if you will, but not in the least degree shrewish. The *mise en scène* and costuming are singularly effective, accurate, and well thought out. Nothing better of its kind has been seen at the Français since *Henri III.* was revived in 1888.

Mr. Silvanus Dauncey, who is a younger brother of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, produced a drama at the Globe on Thursday, entitled *The Reckoning*, which displayed considerable dramatic insight. It is not skilfully constructed, and much of its interest is marred by the introduction of irrelevant comedy, but with all its faults the work has many admirable qualities. The dialogue is terse, very often genuinely witty, and always to the point. The construction is defective, and the last two acts are altogether too violently improbable. With careful revision *The Reckoning* may possibly succeed. As it stands it sadly needs judicious pruning. The acting was principally entrusted to Mr. Waller, who was effective as the hero; Mr. Murray Carson, who was melodramatic as the villain; and to Mr. Wilfred Shine, Mr. T. W. Percyval, and Mr. James Welch, who played the lighter scenes very well indeed. The heroine was gracefully acted by Mr. Charles Warner's daughter, Miss Gracie Warner; the adventures were well played by Miss Florence West; and Miss Lena Ashwell, a pretty and promising *débutante*, and Miss Belmore were respectively the *ingénue* and the *soubrette* of the piece.

REVIEWS.

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.*

IT must, we should think, have been a source of considerable amusement to Mr. Traill to see his book on Lord Salisbury complained of by a certain kind of journalist as containing "nothing new," "nothing personal." And, indeed, the disappointment of these good persons must have been severe—as severe as any on record since the amiable burglars in *Never Too Late to Mend* bought a parcel of literature warranted "very spicy" and found it to be tracts, or since Mr. O'Flynn discovered that Alton Locke had not seen any college head at Cambridge carried to bed drunk by staggering tutors. A kindred appetite to those of Mr. O'Flynn and brutus with a small b, coming to Mr. Traill for nutriment will, indeed, go away woefully empty. Here (except in the frontispiece, and even that, in a nasty grudging way, is not even a full length) is nothing about Lord Salisbury's coats, his hosen, and his hats, about his beard or his boots, about that pipe which the Frenchman saw him smoking the other day. How mortally tame this more luminous discussion of politics beside the palpitating actuality of the lady who in the very week of the appearance of Mr. Traill's book confided to the world that she had discovered the butler at Hatfield to be a Jesuit! Except for an obligatory reference to the subject's great Elizabethan ancestors (by the way, was the Master of the Nod "Earl of Burleigh"? and has not Mr. Traill been tricked by a fantastic memory of the famous etymology of "Hurly-Burly"?), the personal element is reduced to a minimum in the book.

Of the propriety of this reduction we have not the very slightest doubt. By no other means could the inconveniences which must always attach to biographical writing on a man in his lifetime be surmounted. It is always a difficult thing to do; and it cannot be done at all without the sacrifice of something. By rigidly excluding the personal element Mr. Traill has not only saved himself from the least temptation to indulge in gabble and gossip, but he has, as it were, thereby acquired a franchise of speech which he could not otherwise have exercised. We have never,

* *The Queen's Prime Ministers—The Marquis of Salisbury.* By H. D. Traill. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

in a long course of political reading, seen a criticism of the leader of a party in his lifetime by an avowed member of that party which was at once so exempt from impertinence and from servility, from jejunity and from *fronde*. It is a good thing when a book is written as a gentleman should write it; a good thing when it is written as a scholar should write it; a good thing when it is written as a man full of practical and theoretical knowledge of his subject should write it. But it is a very rare thing indeed to find, as we find here, all three merits in combination.

And the result is not only a remarkable criticism on a man; it is, in part of it at least, the best and, after the easily made allowance for standpoint, the most impartial sketch of recent political history that we have recently seen. We should like to have the last half of it printed separately and made a political text-book, as things of infinitely less power and infinitely less accuracy have been made on the other side. For there is, whether by Mr. Traill's conscious intention or not we cannot say, a considerable difference between the first part of the book and the last—a difference which was to some extent inevitable, but which is, we think, even wider than necessity made it. The part which Lord Salisbury played during the first three-quarters of his life up to the present time, except at the one crisis of 1867, to which Mr. Traill does full justice, was, of course, an infinitely less important part than that which he has played in the last quarter. Indeed, critics who like to amuse themselves with teaching their authors how they ought to have written their books, instead of considering how they have written them, might have a fairer ground for that malpractice than usual in the suggestion that all the period anterior to 1874, if not to 1876, might have been—with an exception in favour of 1867—got over with considerably more rapidly than it is here. Mr. Traill would probably have consulted popularity, with readers as well as with critics, by adopting this plan. We need hardly say that the plan he has chosen is the right one. You never can properly estimate a man's later career without knowing in some detail the circumstances and the performances of his earlier; and Lord Salisbury's career, though differently favoured at different times by fortune, has been, as far as he himself has shaped it, the very reverse of eccentric. He has been consistent all through—not least so in his inconsistencies.

In this earlier narrative we might have desired a somewhat larger place given to the action of Lord Robert Cecil in the matter of that mobbing of Denmark by Austria and Prussia, in which some students of foreign politics see the very beginning, or fresh start, of troubles for Europe, and an incident more important even than the Crimean War. As far as our memory serves us, Lord Salisbury has never spoken better than in what Mr. Traill calls "his contribution to the debate on the motion of censure on the Government for their dealings on the Danish question"; and there must always be a special interest in the early exercises of a student in the particular subject in which he becomes an acknowledged master. But we note no omission, and no other point where we should wish for greater length. Mr. Traill's account brings forcibly before one, though we do not know that he himself has anywhere formulated it in distinct terms, the curious lateness of Lord Salisbury's arrival at a position worthy of his talents. There may or may not have been auxiliary and private reasons for this; but we are afraid that a good deal must be set down to that failure to look about for rising talent in his own party which has been noted by friends as well as foes as one of Lord Derby's chief sins as a Minister. When the second Derby Ministry came in, Lord Robert Cecil was, of course, a young man and an untried man: but save for the chief himself and one or two others, the official experience of the Conservatives, even the oldest of them, was limited to the brief and not very fortunate days of 1852. When they came in again Lord Robert was in his twenty-ninth year; he had sat in Parliament for five sessions, and anybody who cared to take the trouble must have been able to detect in him a man who had not half a dozen superiors in ability throughout both Houses. Yet he was passed over, or rather was not discovered. Lord Palmerston's long administration (the length of which, by the way, was rather more owing to deliberate compact between the Tories and the moderate Liberals than Mr. Traill seems quite to allow for) followed, and it so happened that no less than thirteen years passed between his entrance into Parliament and his first tenure of office. His successors, unless, like Mr. John Morley and one or two others, they entered Parliament very late, and with made reputations, have not been more fortunate. But it is quite certain that in the unreformed Parliament Lord Robert Cecil would have made far earlier mark than he did; for it can hardly be said to have been till the Paper Duties Dispute—that is to say, till he was past thirty, and had been in the House eight years—that even in Opposition and to the public he became much known. There are some—perhaps many—who were then young, and who can remember the delight which the famous "Attorney" incident caused them, and how Lord Salisbury is thus actually responsible for having originated in them a taste for the deleterious amusement of reading debates in Parliament.

Among the passages of this book which have the most "last" in them, that on the Reform Bill of 1867 may be counted. That disastrous measure, which secured to the Conservative party no advantages which they might not have gained equally by stout, but reasonable, opposition to the other side, and which not improbably accelerated the decadence of Britain by many years, has never yet had such good exposition from the Tory side. Mr. Traill

has been able to clear up not a few popular misconceptions about it, while at the same time pointing the moral that, as usual, the Devil was an excessively bad paymaster and bought his souls for nothing, and demonstrating the truth (which we fear is a truth) that the blame of the thing must rest much more on Lord Derby than on Mr. Disraeli. But in this matter Lord Salisbury had altogether the *beau rôle*, and was equal to it. It has not been quite the same in the seventeen years mostly of Tory supremacy which, since 1874, have succeeded the twenty-one years almost wholly of Liberal supremacy which comprise his earlier Parliamentary life.

No Tory—that is to say, no man who regards politics from the point of view of combined observation of the present and appreciation of the past—can regard this later record with unqualified satisfaction. It compares, indeed, and that not only as regards Lord Salisbury personally, very favourably with the earlier. It has shown no greater *rifuti* than the wobbling about Protection, the refusals to take office in 1851 and 1854, and the great betrayal of 1867. It has witnessed the conversion of the greater part of the intelligence of the country to Toryism. But it has not, perhaps, witnessed such a use of the means at command, and such a preference of reason and principle to opportunism and apparent expediency, as Tories would like to be able to boast of. Yet it is the great merit of Mr. Traill's book that while not "transacting" on any single point, and not even slurring over any (except, perhaps, the grand mistake of relaxing coercion in 1885), it shows incontrovertibly to any impartial inquirer that, during these seventeen years, the Tory policy has on the whole been a policy which has aimed at and has achieved the good of England, the Liberal policy has been a policy which—whether aiming at or not—has accomplished the ill of England. How difficult a thing it is to foreshorten history in this way, to focus the events of contemporary years, any one may imagine, though hardly any one who has not tried it can thoroughly understand. You may, as has been done in some well-known books, slip along in an easy leading-article manner, not glaringly partisan or hopelessly inaccurate, but suggestively unfair, almost absolutely unedifying, and elusive on every point of fact and argument. You may very easily write a purely partisan "screed," going to show either that Mr. Gladstone is an archangel or that Lord Salisbury is a heaven-born and impeccable Minister. To uphold, as Mr. Traill has steadily upheld, the two standards of information and criticism is a *tour de force* of the most remarkable kind. He must lay (he probably has laid) his account with being misunderstood and disliked by stupid Tories, who are not few, and by stupid Liberals, who are a vast multitude; but he may lay it likewise with winning the admiration of every capable student of the present, and with being referred to as that rarest of things, the contemporary critic who can be trusted, by every intelligent inquirer of the future.

NOVELS.*

IT may be questioned whether Miss Braddon's pen is more remarkable for its fecundity or for its regularity. Year after year it furnishes, with the unvarying punctuality of a machine, its annual quota of fiction, whereof each volume, following perhaps the example of machine-made work in general, bears a strong family resemblance to its fellows. But her work is almost always readable, and sometimes rises, in its own line, to a point of considerable interest. If in the volumes before us the author of *Lady Audley's Secret* is not to be found at her best, as it may at once be confessed she is not, it is because she has therein attempted a task beyond her means. It is, to say the least, unwise of her to base her story on and invite comparisons with the *Peau de Chagrin* of Balzac; for *Gerard* is no more a second *Peau de Chagrin* than is Miss Braddon herself a second Balzac. The two authors possess little in common, either as regards matter or method; but, odious comparisons apart, which obtrude themselves on the reader's mind owing to the insistence of the author, *Gerard* disappoints us mainly because in it the author has failed to fulfil the promise of her opening chapters, which start the story in a style calculated to whet the appetite of all who turn to modern fiction in search of the sensational. There is not, it is true, a murder to be traced home—such openings belong to Miss Braddon's earlier manner—but there is a would-be suicide, turned from his purpose by a fashionable thought-reader, who, to that end, calls to his aid agencies both spiritual and temporal, from mystic visions of female loveliness to lobster-salad and champagne. Forthwith fortune comes with both hands full to the young gentleman who meditated self-destruction; but, millionaire though he be, he remains a somewhat uninteresting and wholly selfish hero, who vacillates in an irritating and not too comprehensible fashion between a lawful and an illicit love, while the thought-reader apparently exchanges all his pretensions to the occult sciences for the easier rôle of a sponging parasite, not disdaining to add thereto the complaisant offices of a Sir Pandarus of Troy. The effect of the whole book is not only

* *Gerard; or, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil*. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co.

A Red Sister. By C. L. Pirks. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Cross Currents. By Mary Angela Dickens. London: Chapman & Hall.

unpleasing, but unreal; neither its men nor its women impress one with the idea of vitality: one follows their fortunes without emotion, and leaves them without regret.

Lady Joan Gaskell, the central figure, if not, in a technical sense, the heroine of *A Red Sister*, is one of those out-and-out "bold, bad women" dear, time out of mind, to the heart of the novelist and dramatist, women who always seem to stir associations of slow fiddling and the rays of the limelight. The moral of her misdeeds, as set forth in Mr. Pirkis's pages, appears to be that it is imprudent, when mixing and administering "a cup of cold poison," to tolerate the presence of lookers-on, who can easily see too much, from the poisoner's point of view at any rate, of such a game. One learns, moreover, from the same source that it is futile to endeavour to repair such imprudence by shutting upon one witness in a private lunatic asylum, whose keeper—what novel ever portrayed the keeper of a private lunatic asylum as anything but the most double-dyed of scoundrels?—learning the lady's secret, proceeds to levy on her unlimited blackmail; while, thanks to the good offices of a Roman Catholic priest, in bygone years a rejected lover of Lady Joan's, no happier results attend her efforts to shut up the other witness in a Redemptorist Convent. Foiled, therefore, in all her plans, she, taking in its most literal sense an apostrophe in which the priest, in no very strict conformity with the usage of his Church, adjures "Earth, earth, mother earth, to open wide her arms and take back to her bosom once more her suffering children," proceeds to make her quietus with the convenient assistance of a disused coal-shaft, and so ends as commonplace a chronicle of crime as we have for some time encountered.

It is pleasant to meet on a title-page with one of the third generation of the house of Dickens; pleasanter still to be able to congratulate the young lady who bears that honoured name on the work of her prentice hand. *Cross Currents*, if not absolutely Miss Dickens's first attempt in the fields of fiction, is, at any rate so far, her most ambitious effort. With no attempt to imitate her grandfather's method, for which the reader may be thankful, Miss Dickens sets forth in simple and interesting style a simple and interesting story. We may doubt—distinguished instances to the contrary, both in the past and in the present, seem to justify us in doubting—whether the pursuit of an artistic calling is as incompatible with domestic felicity as Miss Dickens, or, at any rate, her characters, would have us believe; but whether or no we grant the author's premisses, we need not grudge our sympathies to the story she has founded on them. Young though Miss Dickens is, both in years and in authorship, she has evidently mastered with an observant eye the foibles of modern fashionable Bohemianism, of the actors and actresses who run after duchesses, and of the duchesses who return the compliment and run after actors and actresses, each for his or her own personal advantage; and we must specially compliment her on the satirical touch with which she makes her ingenious *débutante* display her sweet simplicity by expressing real sympathy with the sufferers who are to reap the harvest of a fashionable theatrical benefit performance. In these days when novels teem with grotesque perversions of modern stage life, it is refreshing to find a young writer who knows the men and women of whom she writes, and is able to place that knowledge before us in so interesting a form. The faults of *Cross Currents*—which certainly include a very arbitrarily introduced boating catastrophe, when the author finds it necessary to rid her stage of one of its principal characters—are the faults of youth and inexperience, which time and practice will correct; in the hopes of such correction we await with interest and pleasurable expectation what Miss Dickens's pen may have in store for us.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS ON DEPENDENCIES.*

MR. LUCAS begins by a stumble on the threshold; that is, by a misdescription of his author on that author's own title-page. Sir George Cornwall Lewis was not a K.C.B., but rather a B.B.K., or Bart of the British Kingdom, as a now happily forgotten pretender to the bloody-hand described himself. The error is not a serious one; and the foreboding of inaccuracy which it inspires is happily not borne out by the pages which follow. Still, a blunder, and, simply for the sake of exactitude, which is a good thing in itself, even when nothing depends upon it, it will be desirable to rectify it should a new edition give Mr. Lucas the opportunity of amending his title-page. Mr. Lucas truly says that the work which the Delegates of the Clarendon Press have committed to his editorial charge "deserves to be a text-book in the history and philosophy schools at the Universities." Mr. Lucas adds that "it should be studied carefully by all who are interested in the great questions of the British Empire." We are not so sanguine of this second class of readers as of the first. "All who are interested in the great questions of the British Empire" will not, we fear, consent to go through the elaborate *propaedeutik* of argument and critical apparatus, of note and dissertation which make up the four hundred pages, or thereabouts, of this volume.

* *An Essay on the Government of Dependencies*. By Sir George Cornwall Lewis, K.C.B. (Originally published in 1841.) Edited, with an Introduction, by C. P. Lucas, B.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Colonial Office, London. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1891.

Practical politicians have shorter cuts than those which lead through the Oriental monarchies and the ancient and mediæval republics, and the plantations of later European monarchies, to the questions discussed at the Colonial Institute and by the Imperial Federation League. If they take this route, we fear they run some risk of losing their way. They are more likely, if they go to books of any kind, to make a dash at "the great questions of the British Empire" as they find them set forth in Sir Charles Dilke's Imperial surveys. But "the history and philosophy schools at the Universities" are a different matter. The authorities can largely determine what books shall be read, and with what degree of thoroughness they shall be read.

The question is eagerly discussed now whether the Universities ought to be something more than, or different from, the Imperial Institute. Those who look most askance at the disposition to bring them into rivalry with South Kensington yet admit that there is one practical art which has always had its home in them, more, perhaps, in one of them than in the other. Oxford, at least, has never long laid aside the ambition to be a school of statesmanship. Christ Church, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, under Cyril Jackson, aspired to equip young men of rank and brains for the service of the State. Balliol is supposed to endeavour now to be a sort of *fin-de-siècle* Christ Church. At a time when the Vestry and the Town Council are the Christ Church and the Trinity of the new governing classes, it is desirable that the Universities should send into public life their fair contingent of politicians not worse equipped than before.

We do not know that, as a sequel to the great writers of the ancient world, and what are vaguely called the moral sciences, a better discipline could be found than in the political and historic works of Sir George Cornwall Lewis. His treatises on the "Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics," on the "Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," on "The Use and Abuse of Political Terms," and the volume before us, *On the Government of Dependencies*, combine the old learning and the new methods in a manner which makes them valuable disciplinary, or institutional, works. In this respect they have the mark of Sir George Lewis's singularly constituted intellect very strongly impressed on them. Perhaps he was the most remarkable instance of the combination of wide and exact learning, of scholarship in the critical sense—the scholarship of a man of texts, editions, and manuscripts—with political sagacity and administrative skill. From the time of Carteret to that of Mr. Gladstone, classical culture has been, indeed, in close alliance with statesmanship; and the list of intermediate names is a chain of testimonies to the gymnastic worth of the old learning which the "modern side" has not, as yet, shown any sign of even beginning to rival. But Sir George Lewis's scholarship was something different from this. It was not merely culture and taste, polite literature and the humanities. It was essentially investigation. Before he entered into Parliamentary life Sir George Lewis was a Commissioner, or served under Commissions of inquiry into almost everything which the Governments of the first fifteen or sixteen years since the Reform Act of 1832 desired to be informed of. The *Essay on the Government of Dependencies* reads something like the report of a Commission empowered to take the testimony of witnesses, from Aristotle and Herodotus to Bentham and James Mill, on the subjects with which it deals. It surveys the world geographically from China to Peru, and historically from the Confederacy of Delos to the Zollverein. Thoroughly to read the book, with its lucid arrangement, its precision of statement, its judicial examination of testimony, its exactitude in the interpretation of texts, its guarded conclusions and sagacious inferences, would constitute a discipline of considerable value in political training.

As to the question which Sir George Lewis's title suggests, the question how dependencies shall be governed, it has been practically answered by replying, as regards the most important of them, "Let them govern themselves." This solution was not thought of in 1841, when Sir George Lewis wrote. It is a curious instance of want of political foresight that, writing only half a dozen years before Lord John Russell invented what is called responsible government for Canada, and thus laid anew, firmly or otherwise, the foundation of our Colonial Empire, Sir George Lewis should have had no inkling of the course which events were speedily to take in all our greater colonies. Perhaps, after all, it is not strange that the paradox of an independent dependency should not have occurred to him. He did not, at any rate, foresee the existence of a number of provincial dominions, owing not only loyalty to the British Crown, but nominally at least subordinate to the Imperial Parliament, yet legislating against the mother-country in respect to those commercial interests which the constitution of the Board of Trade and Plantations, the original Colonial Office, shows to have been the basis of colonial policy. Sir George Lewis would probably have thought that, when matters came to this point, our Colonial Empire would fall asunder. The resources of history are larger, happily, than the foresight even of the most sagacious statesmen. Sir George Lewis, however, if he had seen that things would have reached this point, would also have foreseen that the retention of our greater colonies had become a question purely of their good will. He would not have proposed to consolidate the United Kingdom by giving Ireland a separate Parliament and an executive responsible to it. Upon the government of Ireland, as it had been up to 1841, Sir George Lewis had a good deal

to say that was then interesting and instructive. But, in regard to Ireland as well as to the colonies, the fifty years which have passed since the publication of his essay have brought forward problems in political topics which were not within his range of vision. Mr. Lucas, in an interesting and useful introduction, and in his annotations to Sir George Lewis's notes, has brought the history and policy of his subject down to our days, and thus enables the reader to apply the principles and method of his author to actual controversies.

CORRESPONDENCE OF HANS ANDERSEN.*

IT is a remarkable thing that the correspondence of so popular a writer as Hans Christian Andersen should have waited fourteen years to be presented, even in part, to the British public. The volume before us is far from being a wholly satisfactory production; but it may serve, at all events, for the time being. All it gives us is a selection of somewhat fewer than a hundred of the published letters to and from Andersen. It may, perhaps, be of interest to state here more particularly than is done in Mr. Crawford's brief preface what the material is from which a selection of Hans Andersen's correspondence can be prepared. When the poet died, in 1875, it was found that he had made it a habit to put aside everything which seemed to him to possess the slightest interest—not merely letters of every shade of importance, but notes of invitation, newspaper-cuttings, bills of the play, and all manner of things written and printed. He had begun to do this when he was a child, and he kept up the habit all through life. When he died, trunks upon trunks, all stuffed with documents, presented themselves to his bewildered executors. These latter, Mr. C. St. A. Bille, and the young poet Nikolaj Bøgh, called in Andersen's lifelong friend, Edvard Collin, to their help, and set about making some sort of selection. The first results of their labours were seen in the volume of *Breve til Hans Christian Andersen* (Letters to H. C. A.), published in Copenhagen in 1877. In this excellent collection permanence was given to all those letters from persons then deceased which seemed to throw light on the character and talent of the poet. It was a skilful biographical silhouette, a portrait of Andersen as others thought they saw him. The *Breve fra H. C. Andersen* (Letters from H. C. A.), which followed in two thick volumes in 1878, naturally assumed a larger size, for the material was of greater importance. To read what Andersen wrote to his friends was, of course, much more interesting than to read even what they wrote to him. Here, again, Messrs. Bille and Bøgh were weighed down by the mass of copy at their disposal; they published two volumes, but they might easily have issued five, and it was not easy to decide what was most amusing and characteristic. They finally selected what seemed to them best adapted to complete and to illuminate Andersen's story of his own life, *Mit Livs Eventyr*, one of the most fascinating essays in autobiography which exist in any language. It has been generally acknowledged that they succeeded singularly well in carrying out this arduous scheme. Few bodies of correspondence possess so perfect a symmetry and a harmony of parts as does this collection edited by Andersen's accomplished executors.

In dealing with this mass of some eight hundred letters, Mr. Crawford has preserved the chronological sequence. But he has not attempted to treat the material as biographically illustrative, judging, and doubtless correctly, that in so small a selection as he was able to publish it was best to give prominence to what would amuse English readers. Hence the earliest letter he prints dates from the year 1830, and some of the most intimate sections of Andersen's correspondence, those in which he shows his character to most advantage, are almost unrepresented. Only one of the very numerous letters to Henriette Hanck is to be found in Mr. Crawford's compilation, and not one of those to Henriette Collin. The third Henriette, Miss Wulff, comes off much better, partly owing, no doubt, to the fact that Andersen wrote to her during his triumphal progress in 1857. The famous letter to this lady, describing at very great length his adventures in England at that time, is now for the first time published in English in full, although it has often been described, and in part translated. This contains the account of Andersen's sudden descent at Gadshill on Dickens, whom he found "like artillery officer Haxthausen [not *Haxthansen*, as Mr. Crawford prints], only more lively." In this letter also is to be found the extremely funny account of Andersen's visit to Lady (then Miss) Burdett Coutts, when he felt so much afraid of his hostess's smart flunkies, that he dodged them when he wanted anything, and rushed in with his requests, "even for a bottle of soda-water," to Miss Burdett Coutts herself. We wish that in translating all this Mr. Crawford could have seen his way to preserving more of the arch *naïveté* of the original. The manner of Andersen in this and similar letters is adorable; he seems to be telling one of his own wonder-stories, and there are little puerile confidences, bursts of comic dignity, a breathless rush of narrative, in reading which we seem to be actually hearing the garrulous whisper of the great fabulist. But, easy as is the flow of chat, the style of it is of an almost faultless elegance, and when Mr. Crawford makes him say, "The cause of Walter and I getting too late to

the railway station," the grammatical construction is the translator's, not the author's.

Another very important letter, which it is surprising has never before been given to the English public, is that written on the 14th of July, 1857, to the Queen Dowager of Denmark, Caroline Amalie, and giving not merely a description of Gadshill, but an account of the performance of *The Frozen Deep*; in the course of it Andersen hazards the curious statement that Dickens is a far more remarkable actor than Ristori, whose *Lady Macbeth* was just then the rage in London. It is difficult to see where the parallel lay. But Andersen was most justly and thoroughly struck by the novelist's stage performance. He writes:—"Dickens proved himself to be a most admirable actor, not merely in tragedy, but in comedy also." The feeling which Andersen entertained for Dickens was very warm; it was like the enthusiasm of a child for an older person. The letter which he wrote in March 1857 begins "My precious darling Dickens" (*Min dyrebare, inderligt kjære Dickens*), the gush of which Mr. Crawford has watered down to "My dear Charles Dickens." Dickens replied, with a mixture of cordiality and British phlegm, "My dear and worthy Hans," or "My dear Hans Andersen." "Dear, blessed Charles Dickens," the inspired child replies, and signs himself "Your thankful, faithful Friend." Both peculiarities are omitted by Mr. Crawford, who evidently thinks that such modes of address, like Mr. Smith's "Hamlet," are "no way to behave"; yet surely each is wonderfully characteristic of Andersen's habit of mind. When will editors learn that their duty is not to brush the hair of their subject, but to show him to us as he is?

Some of the most interesting of the letters of Andersen are those addressed to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Of these Mr. Crawford has included a very large proportion. In fact, he prints a considerable number of letters to the Grand Duke which are not to be found in Bille and Bøgh's edition, and those with which we are already familiar do not textually agree with Mr. Crawford's versions in all points. The editors of 1878 were not able to find the originals of Andersen's letters to the Grand Duke, and printed what they gave from drafts in Andersen's handwriting. Probably the editor has made use of some later collection with which we are not acquainted, but this is an instance in which a note of explanation, or a slight bibliography, would have been of value. Among the letters which we miss are those to Richard Bentley, in 1848, about the publication of Andersen's novels in English, and those to his patron and year-long hostess, Mme. Henriques-Melchior. These might have well been chosen, instead of some rather pointless correspondence with a very pert little Scotch girl, which might have been consigned to oblivion.

The translation is tolerably well done, though with occasional slips of no great moment, and with omissions which can only be put down to an absurd prudery. For instance, when Andersen, in writing to his venerable friend, Mme. Læssøe, from Naples, in 1834, described to her the scene from his balcony, he wrote, "The little children have decorated themselves with orange-peel and green leaves; they are playing under the bleeding Christ upon the Cross, where the damned are painted in Purgatory." Mr. Crawford thinks proper to omit the last seventeen words, without an apology, thus spoiling Andersen's picturesque antithesis. What is serious, however, in the present volume is the appalling abundance of errors of the press. If the publishers of this book respect themselves, they will call in the whole of the edition, and have the sheets carefully revised by a proof-reader. We have never seen a book presented to the public in such a shocking state of neglect. The errors of the press must amount to several hundreds. We open a page at random; it is page 50. On this page nine proper names are printed, and six of them are grossly incorrect. Here is "Slagen" for "Slagelse," "Roskilde" (three times repeated) for "Roskilde," "Østergade" for "Østergade," and "Boumman" for "Brummer." Immediately over the page we have "the Misses Hauch" for "the Misses Hanck," and this sort of thing goes on until the brain whirls with the confusion of it. Mr. Crawford seems unable to copy the most familiar Danish names correctly; he writes "Wiester" for "Wilster," "Frederickstein" for "Frederiksteen," "Agerskob" for "Ager-skov," "Hest" for "Hjort." All these errors occur in one short letter, which, moreover, in the text, shows signs of unusual carelessness. In another edition Mr. Crawford may recollect that *Guldspruce* are not sparrows, but yellow-hammers.

The mistakes of the press are sometimes, however, of a perfectly bewildering nature, and defy explanation. It is exasperating enough that Andersen's charming and devoted friend Henriette Hanck should be misprinted on every occasion Henrietta Hauch. But it becomes more than tiresome when Andersen, wishing to tease his friend, tells her that rumour declares him to be in love with "a certain Miss Hanck in Odense," and this also is printed "Hauch." But what now follows is mysterious. If "Hauch" is an error of the press, why has Mr. Crawford appended to this name a note saying "Daughter of John Carsten Hauch, a Norwegian scientist"? What could the supposititious Miss Hanck of Odense have to do with a person whose name was really Hauch? It looks as though Mr. Crawford swept his eye hastily through the unrevised proofs of his translation, and without glancing at the original read the name "Hauch," and determined to show his erudition in a note. We are sorry to say that the volume is full of similar evidences of haste and want of conscientious revision.

* *Hans Christian Andersen's Correspondence*. Edited by Frederick Crawford. London: Dean & Son.

ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

THESE ponderous volumes of nearly eight hundred pages each are the Supplements to one of the best known and most creditable of biographical dictionaries. The biographies are brought down, as nearly as possible, to the present day, and by the simple expedient of including the name and such particulars as were available of every person, English or American, who has written a book during the past twenty or thirty years, the prodigious total of some thirty thousand entries is attained without much difficulty. A considerable number of the biographies are continuations of those in the earlier edition, but the "see antes" with which, in this case, they begin, are surprisingly few; the vast majority of the names are entirely fresh. Dr. Allibone's first intention, as we are reminded in the Preface to these volumes, was to end his work with the year 1850; the publication of the first volume was, however, delayed until 1858, and the work was not completed until 1870. One of the consequences of this delay was that the letters from P to Z included names and events of a much later date than A to O. These two supplementary volumes now before us do much to remedy this defect; but, as is frankly admitted, they do in fact also share it with their predecessors to a very considerable extent.

We have remarked upon the comparative fewness of the biographical continuations. Turning over the pages of the earlier editions of this monumental work is, indeed, a somewhat mournful task. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." The crowd of illustrious figures that filled the literary stage in the middle of this century has vanished. It would be easy to name them. They have left successors, but it needs no *laudator temporis acti* to say that their places are occupied, rather than filled. Perhaps, according to a now famous image, we are too close to our contemporaries fairly to discern their true proportions. At any rate, the three earlier of these volumes, as compared with the two later, give those who desire to pursue the contrast excellent materials to work upon. The "Supplement" is, in fact, a Dictionary of Men of the Time in England and America, so far as the department of letters is concerned, and as such it must be judged. From this point of view we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that it is by far the most satisfactory work of the kind with which we are acquainted. It is ample—only too ample, indeed—in its information; it is accurate to a degree very rarely attained; it is catholic as to the persons included; and it is, with all this, eminently readable. The aim appears to have been to include, as far as possible, everybody who has ever secured publication for his (or her) literary effort during the past quarter of a century, however puny or ineffectual it may have been. Not only is this aim achieved with considerable success, but in most cases a few simple biographical details (such as dates) are given, and very generally we find an extract or two from some "opinions of the press." It is, therefore, small wonder that the sixteen hundred pages of the work are somewhat closely packed. But the paper and the printing are both so really excellent that the condensation is hardly apparent, and certainly is not inconvenient. It is, however, obvious that the criterion of fitness adopted, though we are not prepared with a better, has its drawbacks. For one thing, the "mere editors" are, to a man, excluded. We have not attempted to trace the editors of the principal American newspapers, in such cases as we are acquainted with their names; but it is plain that a rule which excludes from a Dictionary of English Literature such a man as the late Mr. Delane is not a wholly satisfactory one. It would be invidious to name here several of his successors and *confrères* on the London newspapers who, to a man, share his fate. Another curious result of the criterion adopted is that writers for the stage are almost entirely absent. We do not find Mr. Pinero or Mr. Henry Jones. Mr. Sydney Grundy is inserted, but only as the author of a three-volume novel published sixteen years ago. Mr. W. G. Wills appears, but not the late Mr. Boucicault; and when Mr. W. S. Gilbert is given it is in right of the *Bab Ballads*, and not as a dramatist. Certain dramatic authors have already remedied this deficiency, and will doubtless appear in future editions. It is, however, all the more curious to note the name of the late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck in this category, as the author, "with others, of *Barefaced Impostors: a Farce in One Act*." By John Doe, Richard Doe, and John Noakes. Lond.: 1854.

The mere number of the biographies is something quite amazing. Everybody who has published a trifling professional or polemical pamphlet, every rural dean who has "charged" his chapter, the minister of any denomination who has delivered an "inaugural sermon" (or other), the statistician who has proved anything (or not) by his figures, the candidate who has issued his "election addresses," provided only that these and those like them have found a printer or publisher, have right of entry here. It would be easy to give examples, literally by the thousand, of so-called authors who have no part nor lot in literature, English or American, who receive the "instalment of immortality" conferred by Dr. Allibone or Mr. Kirk. Here are writers of books, which are truly "biblia abibilia," not in spies, but in battalions. And yet even the insertion of these names has its compensations. Here and there a worthy name is rescued from oblivion; now and then some record leaps to light that is not accessible elsewhere; a footprint on the sands of time so slight and evanescent as otherwise to be entirely missed. Another outcome of this portentous plan is the

inclusion of a number of biographies of persons not ordinarily regarded as "literary fellows," which give life and colour to what some people would consider drab-coloured narratives. Thus, Mr. Whistler appears, not on account of his art-work, but because he has published his famous "Ten o'clock." The Prime Minister's claim to this distinction would certainly be dismissed with costs in any Court of Letters, for it appears to rest upon Mr. Lucy's "Life" of him, and on "Several Single Speeches," for which no dates nor other vouchers are given. It will be readily conceded that the insertion of these names, if an error at all, is one on the right side. On the other hand, the omissions which we have been able to detect are of so unimportant a kind that we may fairly omit special reference to them. It would be possible to a microscopic investigator to be more lucky than ourselves, but we have tested the Dictionary with almost every name that has occurred to us, and it is not found wanting. Nor are the downright inaccuracies abundant. Here and there the date which signifies that a career has been closed by death is wanting (as in the cases of the lamented Aubrey Moore, Dr. Alfred Meadows, and others), and we have noted a few actual blunders. Major Arthur Griffiths is not Deputy Governor of Millbank Prison, for very obvious reasons. The name of Browning's Palazzo at Venice is not Manzoni, but Rezzonigo. Professor Seeley's works are very inadequately detailed, and, moreover, he was the author neither of *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets*, nor of *Horace Walpole and his World*. The former work was by his father, Mr. R. B. Seeley (whose name occurs duly in the earlier edition), and the latter is by his brother, Mr. Leonard Seeley. Here is a curious entry respecting a clever lady artist, lately deceased, "Havers Alice. *Bumblebee Bogo's Budget*, by a Retired Judge, N. York, 1887, 12mo." *Voilà tout*. We presume that the illustrations were by Mrs. Havers-Morgan. We recognize an old friend with some difficulty in "Wilde, Oscar Fingall O'Flahartie Wills," but we are not able to say that the designation is incomplete or inaccurate.

We have referred to a part of our editor's plan which might at first sight be supposed to further the purposes of puffery and self-advertisement—the insertion, namely, of occasionally long extracts from the literary and critical journals of both continents respecting the books referred to. In the careful hands of the compiler, however, they become, as a matter of fact, "very much otherwise." Not only are they given with judicial impartiality, but they are made wherever possible to set forth the purpose and drift of the book reviewed, rather than its merits or demerits. The impartiality of the compiler, indeed, almost deserves another name. The extracts regarding an eminent Westminster divine, or divine of Westminster (p. 576), are almost wholly unfavourable. A "*fin de siècle*, novelist" (whatever that may be) is allotted three "cuttings," the first of which says simply, "A more repulsive story was never written," and the others contain an equally fine derangement of epitaphs. Poor Mr. Davenport Adams is allotted more than two closely-printed columns, which very tightly contain the list of his literary wares, with a sting in the tail in the shape of a solitary criticism from our own columns, as follows—"He is by no means an unfavourable specimen of the average bookmaker. He has read a good deal in his way, but digested little or nothing." Here our editor hardly holds the balance true. He ought to have given his customary counterbalancing criticism from our friends of the *Spectator*. There is, by the way, a touch of almost Gilbertian humour in the extracts from the criticisms of our contemporary that illustrate the biography of the author of the *Bab Ballads*. Of that volume it wrote, "We have not found a single line in the book which expresses either a subtle sense of incongruity as distinguished from a calculated and vulgar distortion, or a really buoyant and playful heart. It is all screams of forced mirth and coarse exaggerations of the grotesque into the impossible." Yet of the same writer's plays a few short years later it wrote, "The nonsense, even when most nonsensical, is seldom unredeemed by some spice of wit, some sly gleams of irony, or reflected ruddy glow of humour." This makes some amends. On the whole, however, we repeat, although one experiences something of a shock in reading judgments often delivered with a light heart and on the spur of the moment, and forecasts which have been occasionally falsified by the event, that these extracts from our own and other columns add considerably to the readability of what without them would be more or less of an ordinary work of reference.

That, at all events, may not be charged against Allibone's Dictionary, nor against this Supplement. It is by no means an ordinary work of reference. It holds the field amidst a host of similarly well-intentioned but inadequate volumes. A good Dictionary of Contemporaries has yet to be compiled; but we welcome this as an extremely laudable and successful attempt to cover one department at least of intellectual endeavour, and that by no means the least easy or the most unimportant.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.*

THE first plan for a Life of Sir John Macdonald which arose in the mind of Mr. Biggar was a "book of anecdotes illustrating the man and his peculiarities," and he intended to issue

* *Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature*. (Supplement.) 2 vols. By John Foster Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1891.

* *Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald*. By E. B. Biggar. Montreal: Lovell & Son; New York: U.S. Book Company; London: E. Stanford. 1891.

it while the victim was still alive. But Sir John Macdonald, who was certainly a very clever man, was too quick for Mr. Biggar. He died before that book of anecdotes was ready for the press, and escaped his admirer. Mr. Biggar did not choose the "anecdotal" form of biography without consulting good models. "The chief charms of *Plutarch's Lives*," he says, "and of the biographical writings of Xenophon and Herodotus, consist, to my mind, in the little incidents and anecdotes with which they are interspersed, and which throw so many distinct beams of light upon the motives and impulses of the characters under review." We cannot say that we are reminded by any part of Mr. Biggar's *Anecdotal Life* of the "biographical writings of Xenophon and Herodotus." The subject, perhaps, made it very hard for him to attain to the high standard at which he aimed. We will candidly acknowledge that Sir John Macdonald made it difficult for his biographer to be quite honest, and yet to avoid touching on things which it jars on us to see mentioned. One fairly inoffensive sentence of Mr. Biggar's may be quoted for the purpose of indicating what it is that we mean:—"His parents were both kind-hearted and hospitable people; and a feature of this hospitality was the custom of partaking of alcoholic liquor with friends." To suppress this "feature" would, considering the notoriety of certain facts and, we may add, the amazing candour of Sir John himself, have been truly difficult for a biographer. Still, if Mr. Biggar had been inspired more fully by Plutarch, Xenophon, and Herodotus, he would, we cannot but think, have been content to insist less, and be more reticent. It is to be feared that his real models have rather been the "anecdotal lives" popular on the wrong side of Niagara, where the biographer never knows what to leave in his ink-bottle.

When the death of his hero surprised him, Mr. Biggar decided to alter his plan, and to prefix a narrative to the anecdotes. We do not know that he was well advised to make the change. Whatever merits Mr. Biggar may possess as a compiler of anecdotes, he has not the biographer's faculty. His biography also is anecdote. Here, again, Mr. Biggar shows a grievous want of power of discrimination. The stories he tells do not uniformly, or even often, "throw so many distinct beams of light upon the motives and impulses of the character under review." John A., as Mr. Biggar is for ever calling him, is not much, if at all, better known to us when we are told that at a certain period of his life he is described "as wearing a long-tailed coat and baggy trousers, with a loose necktie somewhat of the Byronic style." Long-tailed coats, baggy trousers, and Byronic neckties were worn by many men in the forties. If Mr. Biggar wished to be thorough, he should have hunted up details about the colours of the trousers and the tie, together with the names of the tailor and the haberdasher. A more intimate knowledge of the natural history of the chestnut would have saved Mr. Biggar from repeating some old friends as original. Here, for instance, is an anecdote which was told long before Sir John Macdonald was born. A certain person said to him, "I shall support you whenever I think you are right." "That is no satisfaction," retorted Sir John, with a twinkle; "anybody may support me when I am right. What I want is a man that will support me when I am wrong!" The wit and originality of these stories too frequently escape us, as in this case:—

As samples of the grotesque phrases he sometimes invented the following are given:—

As Mr. Macdonald (then in Opposition) rose, it was observed by some that the Premier was asleep. Mr. Holton, alluding to the remarks of the last speaker, said "He don't feel it."

Mr. Macdonald said, "If anything was calculated to arouse a man of honour, and the leader of a Government, it was the charges which had this evening been preferred against the Hon. Minister of Militia. If he did not 'feel it,' as had just been said, he must be devoid of all feeling of honour, and morally have a skin as thick as that of a hippopotamus" (laughter and cheers).

In a debate on the question of representation by population, he said the hon. member for South Oxford (Mr. George Brown, its advocate) knew that representation by population was as dead as Julius Cæsar.

It must be very easy to be witty and original in Canada. Here is another exquisite witticism:—

Mr. McCarthy.—"Has the hon. gentleman forgotten that three half-pints are afterwards defined to be five quarter-pints, so that we are fighting over one-quarter of a pint?"

Sir John.—"A small pint that."

Of such material has Mr. Biggar composed the greater part of his book, than which we do not remember to have seen any collection of stories more uniformly pointless. On this side of the water, at least, we shall not hold Sir John Macdonald responsible for the odds and ends of nonsense which his biographer has collected. He was, as we know, a very clever man, and when he had to speak to Biggars adapted his words to their level. To them doubtless was addressed the portentous observation made when "certain Conservatives" were urging him in 1881 to come over and succeed Lord Beaconsfield, that in Canada "he was building up a new Empire," and that "there was more glory in having a guiding hand in that than striving to preserve from ossification the frame of an old nation." The invitation doubtless seems credible, and the renunciation magnificent, in circles which accept Mr. Biggar as the successor of Plutarch, Xenophon, and the biographer Herodotus.

M. PAUL VERLAINE.*

THE young ladies who were wont to twitter about Dr. Ibsen now babble about M. Paul Verlaine. For some reason M. Verlaine is "in," like football, and tip-cat, and other games which appear and disappear in their due mysterious time. M. Verlaine has been "interviewed" by English devotees, as we understand; but we confess that a distaste for interviews has prevented us from perusing his confessions, if he made any, and from making ourselves acquainted with his personal history, if that is recorded. It has seemed better to purchase all of his works which chanced to be accessible on a certain stall. For the sum of one pound sterling, or twenty-five francs, we have been able to secure six examples of M. Verlaine, in poetry and in prose. Of the slim volumes, where very trifling rivulets of verse irrigate considerable meadows of paper, *Poèmes Saturniens* bears date 1867, reprinted in 1890; *Les Fêtes Galantes* is of 1869 (1886); *Romances sans Paroles* is of 1874 (1891); and of 1891 is *Bonheur*, while *Poètes Maudits*, a work of criticism in prose, is dated 1884 (1888). *Louise Leclercq*, a brief novel in prose, is of 1888, and contains a few short additional sketches. From this list, five volumes of verse are omitted, and one book of prose, *Mémoires d'un Veuf*. These are *lacune valde defende*, but enough remains to give an anxious inquirer some inkling of M. Verlaine's manner and talent. On the whole, he reminds one a little of Baudelaire, without Baudelaire's vigour, and to the English reader some of his pieces recall the more successful verses of Miss Amy Levy.

M. Verlaine's poetics may be gathered from his work styled *Poètes Maudits*. This volume of criticism opens with a portrait of the author, and it would be difficult to allege that the portrait is prepossessing. However, it may not be a good likeness, and we have to do with poetry, not with physiognomy. M. Verlaine informs the world that his *poètes maudits* should more properly be called *poètes absolus*—poets and no mistake. The title *Poètes Maudits*, however, expresses M. Verlaine's hatred of the common herd of readers of taste, who, he avers, detest him and the objects of his admiration. As members of the odious throng we cannot say that we hate M. Verlaine and his heroes any more than we hate Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. But we do not feel strangely drawn to read their works. First comes M. Tristan Corbière, who "disdained Success and Glory" by a wise economy of Destiny. This distinguished man is among *les Grands*, such as Homer, Goethe, and Shakespeare. Like them he is "not impeccable." He is the author of *Amours Jaunes*, "œuvre aujourd'hui introuvable ou presque," which we have recently seen in a catalogue for the insignificant ransom of some six shillings and fourpence. On the whole, the public prefers *Amours* of a tint less bilious than the saffron.

M. Arthur Rimbaud is another absolute poet, who appears to have hidden his light under a bushel. He has written a sonnet on Vowels; an epic on consonants would afford more room for his genius. The sonnet is not at all borrowed from—

A was an archer and shot at a frog,
B was a butcher who kept a big dog.

"A is black, E white, I red, U green, O blue," heaven only knows why or wherefore. As to his personal tastes, M. Rimbaud informs us that he occasionally drinks thirty or forty tumblers of beer at a sitting, which beer cannot be Bass. Painful memories of Gyp's disagreeable novel, *Un Raté*, occur here to the vulgar throng of readers. M. Rimbaud possesses "supreme gifts, of a character, in these cowardly days of internationalism, peculiarly French." It appears that M. Rimbaud has forsaken the society of the Muse and, we may add, of others.

Concerning M. Stéphane Mallarmé readers of the old *Parnasse* are not ignorant. A poem by this author on the tomb of Edgar Poe is quoted with approval. After reading it several times, we seem dimly to gather that M. Mallarmé is an admirer of Poe's, and unfriendly to his enemies. But the sonnet is nearly as like Hittite as French, and, perhaps, it means something different. It is obvious that M. Mallarmé cannot too assiduously peruse the advice which Mr. Yellowplush bequeathed to poets. There are three other singers in M. Verlaine's list, all of them are uncommonly absolute.

Of M. Verlaine's own verses, *Poèmes Saturniens* (1867) seem to be the earliest. The author explains, modestly, that persons unfortunate enough to be born under the influence of Saturn have a bilious habit, a restless and feeble imagination, and no discourse of reason worth mentioning. In these sad circumstances it is, perhaps, a pity that they should drop into poetry at all. The prologue speaks handsomely of the Ramayana, Alceus, Homer, the Song of Roland, the *Kithare*, and other matters not unfamiliar to students of M. Leconte de l'Isle. M. Verlaine celebrates *les Oaristys*, as is natural, and remarks to an impetuous young woman:—

Mais dans ton cher cœur d'or, mon enfant, me dis-tu,
La fauve passion va sonnant l'oliphant!
Laisse-la trompeter à son aise, la geuse!
Mets ton front sur mon front, et ta main dans ma main,
Et fais moi des serments que tu rompras demain,
Et pleurons jusqu'au jour, ô petite fouguese!

Perhaps the lady, like a celebrated heroine, "preferred to be loved in a more human sort of way." An invitation to "a good

* *Poèmes Saturniens*—*Fêtes Galantes*—*Bonheur*—*Les Poètes Maudits*—*Romances sans Paroles*—*Louise Leclercq*. Par Paul Verlaine. Paris: Vauier. 1867-1891.

cry" is not exhilarating. However, M. Verlaine's poems are intelligible and harmonious; and, fortunately, as little "absolute" as may be. His *Eaux Fortes*, dedicated to M. Coppée, are somewhat like effects of *Gaspard de la Nuit* done into rhyme. We have nocturnal "impressions," Gothic towers, spires, gibbets, dead persons, whose feet are devoured by wolves while ravens peck out their eyne, and many fine old properties of 1830.

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Parçà à la
Feuille morte.

La Chanson des Ingénues is agreeable:—

Nous sommes les Ingénues
Aux bandeaux plats, à l'œil bleu,
Qui vivons, presque inconnues,
Dans les romans qu'on lit peu.

Then come reminiscences of the Mahabharata—*qu'on lit peu*, alas!—and a poem on the Seine—a *morne* river, the poet says, and he does not share M. Anatole France's enthusiasm for the *quais*. A number of other rivers are lauded, and then—

Toi, Seine, tu n'as rien. Deux quais et voilà tout,
Deux quais crasseux, semés de l'un à l'autre bout
D'affreux bouquins, moisés, et d'une foule insigne
Qui fait dans l'eau des ronds et qui pêche à la ligne.

This is carrying pessimism too far, and M. Verlaine is here too Saturnian. The *quais* are cheery places, the book-boxes keep Hope at the bottom, and gudgeon-fishing is better than no fishing at all. The sad banks of Seine are made melodious for the poet by a hurdy-gurdy; he is very sensitive to the pathos of a barrel-organ. And, indeed, there is a charm—a dusty urban charm—in the faint and far-off notes of these uncultivated instruments:—

Il brame un de ces airs, romances ou polkas,
Qu'enfants nous tapotions sur nos harmonicas
Et qui font, lents ou vifs, réjouissants ou tristes,
Vibrer l'âme aux proscrits, aux femmes, aux artistes.

This poem is perhaps the most notable and readable in *Poèmes Saturniens*. But we own that we should have as soon expected to see, let us say, M. Boulmier revived as M. Verlaine out of the dust of 1867; not that M. Boulmier is unworthy of revival. But chance or fashion makes odd selections.

No light is thrown on the refreshed vogue of M. Verlaine by *Fêtes Galantes* (1867), clever little pieces after Watteau. There is nothing especially worthy of quotation in this pamphlet of fifty-six pages. *Romances sans Paroles* (1874) is a trifle more robust and "important." But a wilderness of

Je ne me suis consolé,
Bien que mon cœur s'en soit allé,
Et mon cœur, mon cœur trop sensible
Dit à mon âme: Est-il possible?

would not make a poet of much merit. There follow some slight etchings in verse, from towns in Belgium, nay, from London streets, and a reminiscence of the Canal in Paddington. The Seine is a livelier river. The stoutest volume, *Bonheur*, is a neo-Christian performance. The poet, who certainly, as far as we have read him, seems a harmless poet enough, is converted, and writes "Noble Numbers" like Herrick:—

Et puisque je pardonne,
Mon Dieu, pardonnez-moi,
Ornant l'âme enfin bonne
D'espérance et de foi.

The poet (in 1888) tells us that he is in a hospital—

C'est un lieu comme un autre, on en prend l'habitude.

He adds,

Puisse un prêtre être là, Jésus, quand je mourrai.

All this is very familiar in the history of French poets. In short, unless M. Verlaine's other poems are very unlike those which lie before us, we are at a loss to understand whence comes his present vogue among the refined. It is not that he is a bad poet; but France has assuredly many more as good of whom we hear little enough in the conversations of Culture. There are such tides in the affairs of literary men; nor can we tell why they admire M. Verlaine so much who know not, for example, Glatigny. Mystery of "Booms"! It is not as if Mr. Gladstone had written a letter to M. Verlaine, which M. Verlaine sent round to the *Boomer* and other periodicals. The world has simply come to him, for some unfathomable reason; for many such poets—not at all bad poets—are born to rhyme unheard and unreviewed.

The reasons for his popularity might, no doubt, be given—partly from his other works. But the above account is submitted as a careful "tasting" by an impartial taster. Its results will not, we think, be gainsaid by most omnivorous readers with some taste.

TALES OF MYSTERY.

"ROMANCES," says Monçada to young Melmoth, "have made your country, sir, familiar with tales of subterranean passages and supernatural horrors." When Maturin wrote

* *Tales of Mystery*. Mrs. Radcliffe—Lewis—Maturin. Edited by George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

this there was not the slightest chance that any of his readers, English, French, or German, should overlook the allusion to the works of the ingenious Mrs. Radcliffe, the undisputed chief of the large and prolific school of Gothic romancers whose influence extended through France, Germany, and Italy, even unto America. But it is not reasonable to suppose that the present generation can grasp the full significance of the observation of "the appalling Spaniard," as Mr. Saintsbury calls the entertaining yet prolix Monçada. For some fifty years the fame of Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis, and Maturin, the three writers "selected" by Mr. Saintsbury in the first volume of Messrs. Percival's new "Pocket Library," has lingered but as a shadowy tradition with English readers. Yet, one and all, they once enjoyed a prodigious popularity in England and on the Continent. Their writings were frequently translated—very "freely" it must be admitted—and provoked countless imitations, most of which have long since, and deservedly, no doubt, passed into limbo. Even now in Italy Mrs. Radcliffe is not forgotten, new versions of the *Sicilian Romance* and *Udolpho* having appeared within the last ten years. With regard to translation, *The Monk* and Maturin's tragedy *Bertram* are the only two works of these authors that may be said to owe their foreign renderings to other than purely literary merits. In French, certainly, the very title of Lewis's story, in more than one example, is sufficiently indicative of something less legitimate. Notoriety, rather than fame, is the right word to use in this matter. With this slight reservation, the reputation of all three authors, great as it was, must be considered as firmly established by their achievements, and in perfect agreement with their influence on English fiction. There is nothing, in short, in the popularity of their works that is in any sense unaccountable. Sir Walter Scott was naturally a sympathetic critic of this kind of fiction. It did not require, we may be sure, any serious importunity on the part of Lewis to induce Scott to have a hand in "Tales of Terror"; and Scott was the first, though not the only one, of her great contemporaries to acknowledge the genius of Mrs. Radcliffe. Peacock, again, was a warm admirer of the Radcliffian romance. We doubt very much if more than one reader in ten, at the present day, is fully conscious of all the bearings of Miss Austen's pleasant satire in *Northanger Abbey*, which Mr. Saintsbury cites as evidence of the fashionable rage for Mrs. Radcliffe. They must be reared in tender youth in the atmosphere of Gothic romance who would rightly enjoy the delicacy of Miss Austen's humorous presentment. Of course, with the plague of imitators a strong reaction set in, and the errors of those who exceeded the worst extravagance of Lewis were most unjustly visited upon the blameless Mrs. Radcliffe. Still, we shall not be at all surprised to find that this pocket volume of selections should interest and fascinate many readers—just as Ludovico, in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, was charmed with the Provençal legend—"by inventions that captivated the careless imagination in every rank of society in a former age."

Mrs. Radcliffe's share in Mr. Saintsbury's selections amounts to rather more than half the volume; Maturin's being equivalent to one-half, and Lewis's to a trifle over one-fourth of Mrs. Radcliffe's allotment. These proportions very accurately correspond with the literary position of each writer and the respective merits of their works. Mrs. Radcliffe is represented by extracts from all four of her famous romances; Lewis by *The Monk*, with the popular episode of the "Bleeding Nun of Lindenberg"; and Maturin by passages from *Melmoth the Wanderer*. In his sketch of these authors and their writings, Mr. Saintsbury deals with their chief characteristics, the nature of the influence they exercised, and the common source of their inspiration in *The Castle of Otranto*. That Horace Walpole was the father of the large and by no means reputable family of Gothic tales is incontestable, though Mrs. Radcliffe so far improved upon her model as to create in *The Romance of the Forest* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho* an entirely new and very superior type of romance. Miss Clara Reeve, indeed, on behalf of her best-known story, *The Old English Baron*, expressly claims the paternity, besides adopting the very happy description "a Gothic tale," generally accepted by the critics of the day. There is little ground, we think, for supposing that the Germans furnished models. Lewis, to be sure, adopted somewhat from them; but Maturin owed very little to German romance, and Mrs. Radcliffe nothing at all. It is not a little strange, as Mr. Saintsbury remarks, that "Horace Walpole, who, while a man of great talent, could hardly be called by any one a man of genius, should have fathered an offspring so prevailing." But so it is. Of the other examples he cites of the class, or nearly allied to it, *Caleb Williams*, *St. Leon*, and Beckford's *Vathek*, must be considered master-works in romance. Shelley's *Zastrozzi* and *St. Irvyne*, of which we think less ill than Mr. Saintsbury does, are very sincere Lewisian imitations; the first, and better of the two, being not more crude or extravagant than considerable portions of *The Monk*, and in its impressive opening scene scarcely inferior to Lewis at his best. There are, by the way, one or two matters that appear to need correction in the text of Mr. Saintsbury's opening essay. "Novronihar" is, of course, a misprint for Beckford's charming creation *Nouronihar*. And there is an obvious slip in printing the title of Mrs. Radcliffe's interesting quarto of travels as *Travels on the Rhine in the English Lake Country*. In this book, as in the romances published subsequently to the year 1794, the influence of what may be called the "landscape sentiment" of Gilpin is clearly perceptible, not less than the influence of Gray and Rousseau—which Mr. Saintsbury notes. The

Christian names of Maturin would have been better given both as Charles Robert and Robert Charles, instead of only the latter. We believe he used both. Nor is it satisfactory to find *The Fatal Revenge* printed as *The Fatal Vengeance*.

Mr. Saintsbury's selections from all three writers are fairly representative; indeed, those from Mrs. Radcliffe and Maturin show a nicety of judgment which the most fastidious critic cannot but approve. In this class of romance Mrs. Radcliffe is rightly adjudged pre-eminence. She was incomparably the greatest artist. She is entirely free from the defects of taste and the childish excesses of Lewis, and her method of narrative never falls into the exasperating confusion of Maturin's weltering manner. In imagination she was not inferior to the latter writer, and far more richly gifted than Lewis. As a story-teller, in short, she was vastly more effective. She possessed, which they did not, the dramatic faculty, as is convincingly exhibited in *The Romance of the Forest* and *The Italian*. The character of La Motte in the one romance, and that of Schedoni in the other, are original conceptions admirably drawn, and most skilfully presented. In spite of Miss Austen, we confess to being both charmed and moved by her heroines of sensibility, and in her comic serving men or maids discover a deft mingling of nature and art. You will find nothing approaching this power of characterization in Lewis or Maturin. Mr. Saintsbury gives certain "Landscape pieces," among them the celebrated description of the approach to Udolpho, that have always been greatly admired, in which there is something of magic in the suggestion of the elemental, the vastness, the profound in nature. Now it is the landscape of Claude or the Poussins, now that of Salvator or Ruysdael, the colour, tone, and atmosphere of which are harmonized by the genius of romance. There is nothing like this in English literature. As to the "explained supernatural," we are not of those who feel disillusion in the solution of the mysteries of Mrs. Radcliffe's ingenious coil of circumstances. The mysteries, as we have once again proved, still retain their spell, by reason of the admirable art and persuasiveness of their invention and presentation. How tawdry and puerile, for example, is the account of the sorcery of Matilda, with the "blue flames," and so forth, in Lewis's romance, compared with the "veil" incident in *Udolpho*, or the "Black Pall" episode, that introduces that delightful crew, the pirate banditti, in the same story. But Lewis cared nothing for art. It was his to "pepper higher," as Mr. Saintsbury says. Lewis's powerful little story *The Anaconda* Mr. Saintsbury does not name, nor does he mention *The Bravo of Venice*, a very remarkable romance, which, though translated, or adapted freely from Zschöke's *Abellino*, has generally been attributed to Lewis, and repeatedly printed under various titles, such as *Rugantino*, *the Bravo of Venice*, *Abellino*, and *The Bravo*. *Melmoth*, the most celebrated of Maturin's works, is full of impressive scenes, such as that extracted by Mr. Saintsbury as "The Death of the Parricide," though the story is "excruciatingly bad" in arrangement. Yet, with all its absurdities, the imagination that pervades the romance is decidedly imposing, and "the mixture of the diabolic and the human in *Melmoth* is most powerfully adumbrated," to quote Mr. Saintsbury, "and Isidora is really pathetic." The subterranean escape—"In the Vaults"—is wonderfully impressive, pathos and terror being poignantly suggested in the picture of the unhappy monk watching the dying lamp, while the gloomy vault lowered over him "like the frown of an eternal hostility." Undoubtedly the unfortunate Maturin was a writer of genius, and he is deservedly represented in *Tales of Mystery*, wherein the reader may take his fill of horrors, yet fear no surfeit.

THE CITY OF LONDON.*

THE silly faddists who carried the abolition of the City coal-dues should be forced to get this volume by heart. A tax which was imperceptible, which weighed upon nobody, and the abolition of which has relieved nobody, was employed to pay for a number of the greatest improvements effected in London and its suburbs since 1666. In 1702 it paid for building forty-nine churches and for finishing Greenwich Hospital. Nearly all the bridges were freed from toll by it. New streets in the City, to the number of a dozen at least, were built, and many scores of streets and lanes were widened. Newgate Prison was twice rebuilt. The Holborn Viaduct was made. The Coal Exchange, Farringdon Market, and many other important public buildings were erected, all from the same imperceptible impost. Since it was abolished there has been no lowering of the price of coals—in fact, quite the contrary. The only benefit that has accrued is that sensible but lazy people have provided for them another incentive to do for the present majority of the County Council what they have partly done for the School Board, and to clear away every one who follows the French fashion of yielding to "inexorable logic." As Mr. Salmon says (p. 71), "Nobody felt the Coal Tax; indeed, thousands were in entire ignorance of its existence; and its abandonment is, practically, an addition to the rates of from 3d. to 4d. in the pound." The need for improvements is daily becoming greater, and the ratepayers will have to find the money. The argument for abolition was that the general public would be gainers of 13d. on every ton of coal. But

while coal, with the tax, was in June 1888 at 13s. 5d., in 1890 it was 17s. 8d. The coal-owner has received a handsome present at the expense of the ratepayer, and nobody else is a bit the better. This is only one of the subjects touched upon by Mr. Salmon, but it is, perhaps, the most important. As Chairman of the Local Government and Taxation Committee of the Corporation he has been chiefly concerned in the day census, or "enumeration of persons found to be residing, occupied, or employed during the active hours of the day." Lest the work should in any way interfere or clash with that of the Imperial Census, it was fixed to take place a month later, and was accordingly made on the 4th May. The returns of the Imperial Census as to the population of the City are described as "absolutely worthless," so far as they can be taken to indicate its commercial importance. "Indeed, to a superficial reader these returns can only convey the impression that the City is hopelessly on the wane." The population in 1861 was 112,063. In 1891 it had declined to 37,694. This is sufficiently startling; but all the more so when we find that the day census gives an enormous increase. In 1866, when an enumeration during working hours was first made, the day population was found to exceed 170,000; but at the last census, on the 4th May, 1891, it showed the enormous total of 301,384. The diminution of the night population is attributed to a variety of different causes working together. Thus, there is a great and ever-increasing demand for business premises. The value of land is "abnormally high." Owners of City property are able to realize far more by the conversion of buildings into offices than by letting them as dwelling-houses. But a very important factor in the problem is the incidence of the Inhabited House Duty. "If an owner or tenant resides in any portion of his building, no matter how extensive the premises may be, or how small his requirements for sleeping purposes, he renders the whole building liable." The Inland Revenue allows a caretaker, but insists that the caretaker is a person who may be described as "a menial." This puts a premium on living out of the City and away from business premises.

A very interesting chapter is on former enumerations, and examples with facsimiles are given of the Bills of Mortality periodically issued by the Company of Parish Clerks. In 1631 the Privy Council, under some apprehension of a great scarcity, asked the Lord Mayor for an enumeration "of the number of mouths esteemed to be in the City of London and the Liberty." This census comprised the City wards and Southwark, and the population was returned at 130,280. It is curious to observe that in last year's day census the Inner Temple was returned as containing 982 employers of labour, 444 men employed, 92 women, and 42 children. In the Middle Temple the employers were 837, the men employed 374, the women 49, and the children 26. There are no particulars as to Lincoln's Inn, the greater part of which is without the City boundary. Altogether this is a useful and instructive book.

DE PRINCIPIS INSTRUCTIONE.*

WHEN the seventh volume of the Rolls edition of the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, or Gerald de Barri, was published in 1877, it announced itself as the last of the series. Before long, however, it was generally understood that we might expect that the edition would be completed by an eighth volume containing the *De Principis Instructione*. This was good news; for, though extracts from it were already printed in the *Recueil des Historiens*, and the second and third books, with some passages from the first book, were edited by the late Rev. J. S. Brewer for the "Anglia Christiana Society" in 1846, we wanted the work in its entirety, and it would have been grievous if the Rolls edition had been left incomplete by the omission of one of the most important and delightful of the author's treatises. We have waited long for this eighth volume, and we are happy to find that, now that it has at last reached us, it is edited in a manner that makes it not unworthy of its predecessors. The *Liber de Principis Instructione* consists of three books, or, as the author calls them, "Distinctiones." The first is "almost wholly didactic and academical" in character, a moral rather than a political treatise. Each chapter begins with a statement of the nature of some one of the virtues "that go to form the perfect prince," and the obligation to attain it is enforced by various examples and quotations. It is interesting to compare, or contrast, this "Distinctio" with the famous treatise of Machiavelli, which, while bearing a cognate title, and treating its subject on a somewhat similar plan, was evidently written as an attempt to construct a new system of political science. While the half-heaven Italian of the Renaissance treats governments, political devices, and the duties and faults of rulers chiefly as they bear on the welfare or decline of the State, without regard to religious or moral considerations, the Welsh ecclesiastic, writing three centuries earlier, under the influence of a literary movement of a wholly different kind, deals with the obligations imposed on princes by religion and morality, and exhibits the rewards which

* Giraldi Cambrensis Opera. Vol. VIII. *De Principis Instructione Liber*. Edited by George F. Warner, M.A., F.S.A., Assistant-Keeper of Manuscripts, British Museum. With an Index to Vols. I.-IV. and VIII. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1891.

* *Ten Years' Growth of the City of London, 1881-1891*. By James Salmon. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1891.

a prince will gain by fulfilling them. This "Distinctio," then, is of little historical importance, though it contains some stories and notices of the author's own time, such as some anecdotes of Louis VII. of France, also found in his *Gemma Ecclesiastica*, an account of how Robert of Cricklade convicted the Jews of leaving out in their copies of Josephus the passage referring to Christ, the story of the disentanglement of King Arthur, also told in other words in the *Speculum Ecclesie*, and a notice of the character of William, King of Scots, and his oppression of the Scottish Church, which was, Giraldu says, punished by the subjection of his kingdom to King John of England. It is as long as the other two "Distinctiones" put together, and is stuffed with quotations from theological and profane authors. Nevertheless, we could by no means spare it; for, besides being necessary to the completion of the work, it sets the "scholarly side" of Giraldu in a strong light, and is, as we think, of some literary interest. Mr. Warner, the editor of this volume, has taken the same view, and being confronted with the objection that it would be undesirable to devote a large space in a volume of an historical series to matter of another kind, adopted the perfectly justifiable expedient of printing the "Distinctio" with the Biblical and some other quotations merely indicated by references in the text.

Mr. Warner gives us, in his Introduction, an account of the only manuscript of the *De Principis Instructione* now known to be extant; it is in the Cottonian Library, and is the work of a careless and ignorant copyist of the middle of the fourteenth century. Obvious errors have been corrected in the text, while a few passages, "too corrupt to be safely meddled with," are left as they are written. In discussing the probable date of the appearance of the book, he observes that the first "Distinctio" must have been issued earlier than the other two, which, from the nature of the notices concerning John, could scarcely have been made public before the King's death in 1217, when Giraldu was seventy years of age. No reason could have existed for putting off the appearance of the first "Distinctio," which was probably written when the author was in middle life, and is really a work complete in itself, though containing a promise of a continuation. Nor is the exhortation to Alexander II. of Scotland fatal to Mr. Warner's theory as to its date, for it is fairly certain that the extant text of the first "Distinctio" is that of a second edition. An earlier preface than that in the Cottonian Library is preserved in the *Symbolum Electorum* of Giraldu, and is, "for the most part, printed in this volume for the first time," only a portion of it having been printed by Mr. Brewer in his edition for the "Anglia Christiana Society," and only the opening words in his edition of the *Symbolum* in this series. It is of some interest, for the author begins it by complaining that, after he had been induced by the compliments and empty promises of princes to attach himself to the Court—he became one of the King's clerks in 1184—he found that he was neglected on account of his Welsh blood, and at the end of about ten years retired from Court to study theology. This preface was, no doubt, written for the first "Distinctio" when it appeared alone; while the other preface was substituted for it when all three "Distinctiones" appeared together, in or soon after 1217, the first "Distinctio" being then more or less revised. Mr. Warner states and combats Mr. Brewer's reasons for believing that the author put forth a second edition of the whole book, and thinks it more probable that "there were only two editions in all," the one of the first "Distinctio" only, the other comprising "all three as we now have them."

The contents of the second and third "Distinctiones" are so well known that we need not discuss them at the length that their interest and importance would otherwise demand. Mr. Warner's Introduction supplies an excellent commentary on them. He points out the connexion between them and the first "Distinctio." Having expounded the virtues necessary to a good prince, Giraldu proceeded to enforce his doctrine, and at the same time to gratify his personal resentment, by taking Henry II. as an example of the punishment consequent on a prince's obstinate refusal to obey the Divine commands. After setting forth, in the beginning of the second "Distinctio," the early glories of Henry's reign, he notes the King's principal sins, his immorality, appropriately punished by the revolts of his sons, his oppression of the Church, and specially his treatment of St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose murder he makes the turning-point in the King's reign—as indeed it was—and, lastly, Henry's refusal to go on the Crusade, the "crowning proof of his obduracy," recording at the same time the warnings and blessings sent to lead him to repentance. In the third "Distinctio," the most valuable part of the book, Giraldu describes how the wrath of God pursued the reprobate King until he died in misery and shame. These two "Distinctiones" contain many anecdotes and several sketches of character, which readers must accept with some reserve; for allowance must be made, not only for the writer's personal feelings and natural vehemence of temper, but for the dramatic plan on which his work is composed. As Mr. Warner justly observes, his treatment of Henry's character is one-sided. We must not, however, be understood to slight the historical importance of our author's work; his latest editor certainly does not do so. Though writing here as a hostile pamphleteer, Giraldu was honest; he had resided for some years in Henry's Court, and speaks of the King and his sons largely from his own knowledge of them, and partly also, we cannot doubt, from information given him by men in high place. He was moving about with the Court in 1189 in the retinue either of the King or

of Archbishop Baldwin, and, as Mr. Warner says, "whether for intimate knowledge or dramatic force he yields to none of the authorities who deal with the tragic history of the closing month of Henry's life." This part of his work is carefully compared here with the narrative given in the newly-recovered French poem, *L'Histoire de Guillaume le Maréchal*, which substantially accords with it, "each author supplementing the other."

Mr. Warner remarks that the animosity of Giraldu towards Henry II. extended more or less to the Angevin family generally. He represents it as deriving its origin from a demon-ancestress—a story to which Richard I. was wont to refer—and is eager to show how the tree proceeding from this accursed root brought forth evil fruit. With Henry's sons, however, he deals as leniently as possible; for his sympathies were evidently with them as against their father. Of the younger Henry, a worthless and unstable young man, he speaks in terms of high praise, repeating what he had said of him in the *Topographia Hibernica*, and comparing him not unfavourably with his brother Richard, in whose praise he also says many things. Even of John he at one time had great hopes; but he inserts a sentence noting that these hopes had proved vain. Mr. Brewer held that this sentence proved that a second edition of the whole work had been issued. Mr. Warner, however, believes that it refers to the time when the first edition, consisting of the first "Distinctio" only, had been issued, and the author was keeping the remainder of the book by him, making insertions in it and bringing it up to date. In two other passages Giraldu paints John in his true colours, as surpassing the most vicious in vice and the most tyrannical in tyranny. He continually expresses admiration for Louis VII. of France, dilates on the successes of Philip II. and the victories of his son Louis, who, we regret to notice, is styled "the Dauphin" in the index to this volume. We can hardly imagine that Mr. Warner is responsible for this blunder, and prefer to set it down to the ignorance of a professional index-maker. In any case, it should not have appeared in a volume published under high official sanction. Nevertheless, we are delighted to have this index; for, besides the contents of the present volume, it includes the contents of volumes i. to iv. of this series, which have not hitherto been indexed, while vols. v. to vii. have each an index of its own; it is well arranged and minute, and its references, as far as we have tested them, are accurate.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

ART and Song, edited by Robert Bell (Virtue & Co.), is a book that we recall with pleasure as a very effective memorial of a bygone phase of English design and engraving which many persons, we are convinced, will welcome in its present handsome form as a new edition, in spite of the contempt which many book-illustrators now affect for engravings on steel. A lost form of art has seldom its defenders among those who practise that which has supplanted it. Those, however, who are a little weary of the prevalence of "process" and "photographic" engraving, will turn delighted to the work of the old school, and find refinement and charm in these beautiful examples of the art of Cousen, Willmore, Stocks, Miller, Finden, and others. How admirably these engravers rendered the works of Turner and Stothard, of Collins and Singleton, of Roberts and Mr. F. Goodall, is fully revealed in this attractive volume. That gifted, and now somewhat neglected, artist, John Martin, is here exhibited, in one aspect, at least, of his genius, in some extremely fine plates by Cousen and Miller. As to the poetry that accompanies these steel engravings, it is sufficient to say it is an excellent selection. Altogether, this is a gift-book in the first rank of artistic production. From the same publishers we have a new and revised edition of *The Riviera*, by Dr. Macmillan, the best of the numerous descriptive and illustrated books on the picturesque coast that extends from Hyères to Porto Venere. *The Warwickshire Avon*, illustrated by Alfred Parsons, with notes by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), familiar already to readers of *Harper's Monthly*, will charm a larger circle of readers in its new and extremely tasteful book-form. Mr. Parsons has never done better work than these aerial and delicate landscape-pieces, many of which—such as the beautiful drawing, "Guy's Cliff Mill" (44)—have been admired some time since in water-colour; or in oils, as the fine study of elms and meadow, "Near Bidford Grange" (80)—the subject of the noble picture first exhibited at the opening show of the Institute. In "Q" the artist has found a most sympathetic associate, and a lively chronicler of a fruitful autumn ramble. The wanderer, sequestrated of the Avon's course, could not have a more pleasurable itinerary than this volume provides.

Bygone Beauties (Leadenhall Press) comprises a gallery of portraiture after Hoppner, engraved by Charles Wilkin, who published by subscription a series of "Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion," some of which are after Hoppner, and others after paintings by the engraver. Mr. Andrew Tuer, who supplies critical and biographical notes to these very interesting plates, does not over-rate the breadth and skill of Wilkin's work in his well-deserved comments upon the disagreeable mechanical effect of modern stippled engraving. Hoppner was a very fashionable painter, though not a great artist, and many persons will find very attractive this interesting record of a past fashion in portraits. Mr. Walter Crane's genius in decorative design is happily exhibited

in *Queen Summer* (Cassell & Co.), a poem that is not lacking in its due measure of the grace and fancy that delight us in the illustrations. The designs are notable for beauty of line and an agreeable ingenuity in their composition. An especially fine example is the winged figure illustrating the legend

And as the winds about them played
And shook the flowers, or disarrayed,

where the agitation of flowers and herbage, of the draped figure, with the fans, caught and tossed by the breeze, is admirably suggested. But the whole set of designs is charming and is harmoniously coloured. The new edition of *Lorna Doone* (Sampson Low & Co.), "with illustrations," cannot be commended for its pictorial treatment of Mr. Blackmore's popular romance. The landscape pieces are engraved in a very tame style, and are either feeble in drawing or wildly exaggerated presentations of the Somerset highlands. The "Dulverton," for example, might well pass for a "view" on the Danube, and John Ridd is a grotesque figure (p. 272) of monstrous proportions, yet entirely unheroic in bearing. *The Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.) is, as heretofore, a volume that offers various attractions both in the etchings, engravings, and photogravures that illustrate contemporary art and in the excellent quality of the literary contributions. The last half-yearly volume of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (Osgood, McVane, & Co.)—"New Monthly" the page-heading has it—is in all ways worthy of the reputation of a deservedly popular periodical. Routledge's *Book of the Circus* will delight other folk as well as young people by its clever representation of the life of the circus, the fair, the menagerie, the strange races of giants and dwarfs, clowns, and equilibrists, lion-tamers and performing animals. The book is fully illustrated by the well-known and very clever drawings of M. Jules Garnier. *Andersen's Fairy Tales* (Bell & Sons), translated by Caroline Peachey, with capital woodcuts after B. Pedersen and E. H. Wehnert, is an excellent version of some of the favourite stories of the inimitable Hans Christian Andersen. We have also received *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, illustrated by George Thomas (Hogg); a new edition of *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, by Jules Verne, illustrated (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); new editions of Mrs. R. Lee's delightful *Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals*, and *Anecdotes of Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Brownsmith's Boy*, by G. Manville Fenn, new edition (Blackie & Son); and the new annual volume of *Good Words* (Isbister & Co.).

Mr. Hume Nisbet, in *The Jolly Roger* (Digby, Long, & Co.), has produced a romance of piracy that is decidedly not of the ordinary class of such work. Sorcery and the sea are, indeed, deftly combined, as inspiring elements, in *The Phantom Ship*, yet since Captain Marryat's impressive story of Vanderdecken and the fair Amine these elements have never been handled as in Mr. Nisbet's audacious, and in some respects brilliant, romance of Elizabethan times. The story is set forth in a narrative written by a young seaman, Humphrey Bolin, addressed to William Shakespeare, in which are chronicled the voyage of a piratical crew to the city and island of Laverna, their sojourn in that magnificent yet haunted land, their daring enterprises by sea and on the Spanish Main, under their leader, the king of Laverna, the mysterious Alsander. There is a prologue, and there is an epilogue, in both of which Shakespeare is introduced, and it is only fair to the author to admit at once that the manner of Shakespeare's presentation justifies Mr. Nisbet in declining to apologize for his sketch of the poet. But it is in his treatment of the supernatural that the author's power is most convincingly proclaimed. Sir John Fenton the astrologer, Penelope the witch, and their associates in the black art, the horrible albino Alsander, the fiendish Gabriel Peas, and his comrade Indian Jos, are all alike drawn with much skill and imaginative power. We feel, though we cannot define, the uncanny fascination that holds young Bolin, now under the magnetic eyes of the witch, now under the spell of the terrible Alsander. During the voyage, and on the island of Laverna, the atmosphere is thick with portents and magical spells that excite the anticipation of fearful deeds and spectacles. And very strange things do occur, by the way, and captivate us by the vague horror they suggest. One of these strange incidents—the re-incarnation scene in the crater of the volcano—is not, perhaps, satisfactorily worked out. We are induced to expect in the sudden appearance of the beautiful Quassata a new avatar of the witch Penelope, and that the young black-haired Sir John, who appears at the same incantation, is the old grey-haired wizard with his youth renewed by magic. It is disconcerting to find that this cool, bloodthirsty young blade is the old witch masquerading as Sir John Fenton, though what she did with her white hair is left entirely in the dark. She could hardly have hidden it under the short curly black hair of the young Sir John, and the imagination shrinks from the thought of a wig, or dye, or the base razor's use.

Romance and travel are effectively employed in *A Romance of N'Shabe* (Chapman & Hall), by A. A. Anderson and A. Wall, a story of Southern Central Africa, which deals with the discovery by a band of hunters of the chief city of the kingdom of Saabé, the ancient realm of the Queen of Sheba, the locality of which Mr. Anderson imagines to lie between the Kolahari Desert and Lake Tanganyika. In the course of his prolonged African exploration, Mr. Anderson came in contact with a "nearly white tribe" hard by the site of the mystical city whose wonders he has pictured in the course of his narrative. There is much that is both in-

genious and plausible in his contention that the kingdom of Sheba was in Africa. But, better than any amount of argument or conjecture, however convincing, in a romance of ancient civilization in Central Africa, is the persuasive treatment of the romantic; and in this essential matter the authors are to be congratulated. The story of the adventures of Montford and his friends in Kassanji is admirably told, while the hunting incidents are as thrilling as any that we know of. *An Inca Queen*, by J. Evelyn (Sampson Low & Co.), is a wild and wonderful story of the adventures of two boys in Peru. Strange meetings of long-parted relations are common enough in stories for boys, and none more incredible was ever devised than the meeting of Percy Lisle and his uncle in Mr. Evelyn's tale. The author is a trifle too prodigal in this particular. *Burr Junior*, by G. Manville Fenn (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is, on the other hand, a story of school-life in a delightful part of Sussex that is admirably faithful to nature. Mr. Fenn knows and understands boys thoroughly, and all boys will find the keenest enjoyment in this excellent story. Mr. Henty's *Held Fast for England* (Blackie & Son) comprises the adventures of Bob Repton during the siege of Gibraltar. Bob has the best of luck, and, what is more, deserves it. He has his share in the relief of the besieged garrison, when he successfully conveys a cargo of lemons and oranges into the town at a time when scurvy was prevalent among the men. Another capital story by this inventive writer is *Redskin and Cowboy* (Blackie & Son), which deals with adventures in Texas and New Mexico that are even more surprising and more varied. We have also received new editions of Mr. Henry Collingwood's vivacious sea-story, *The Rover's Secret* (Blackie & Son); *Perseverance Island*, by Douglas Fraser (Mackie & Son); *Among the Zulus; or, the Adventures of Hans Sterk*, by Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Drayson (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Adventures in Australia*, by Mrs. R. Lee (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and that admirable romance, *The Aztec Treasure House*, by Thomas A. Janvier (Sampson Low & Co.).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THAT M. Maurice Paléologue's book on Alfred de Vigny (†) is, not only as measurable by inch-rules, distinctly "thin," is partly, but not wholly, the fault of the writer. The truth is, that this thinness attaches from more than one point of view to Vigny himself; though as a poet he has been vastly undervalued, not merely by English writers (who, as a rule, know nothing about him but *Cinq Mars*, and perhaps *Chatterton*), but even by French critics, and though in character he had the advantage of most of his contemporaries of 1830. As a poet, though he is not always of the intoxicating sort, it is difficult to rank Vigny too high. His originality in manner is something extraordinary. He anticipated Lamartine, Hugo, Musset, in the most characteristic veins of each, and we agree with M. Paléologue against Sainte-Beuve that it was practically impossible for him to have seen Chénier's unpublished poems when in his own early youth he wrote verse resembling, but better than, those poems themselves. Even in his somewhat barren and impotent old age his fragments, monotonous as they are, have an extraordinary and, in French, almost unrivalled, grandeur of phrase and tone; while *Dolorida*, *Le Cor*, *La colère de Samson*, to name only these, are marvellous. It must always be counted to him that in his long period of unproductiveness he never was tempted, as many others have been, to write and publish bad work when he could not write good. But still we must maintain, as against M. Paléologue, that his bulk and substance are not equal to his height. He is an *aiguille* in the poetic mountain group—lofty, elegant, but narrow. Although he has not the puerility and the fretfulness of the Byronic discontent, his is yet discontent pure and simple, and discontent by itself is a very poor and negative thing. Even his character seems to us smaller than M. Paléologue thinks it. His biographer attributes the gloom and the sterility of his residence in the *tour d'Ivoire* to a terrible and grand pessimism. With all respect to the author of more than one agreeable work this is bosh. Alfred de Vigny had about as little to complain of as any mortal man. It is true that he died of the most terrible of all diseases, but it did not show itself till he was far advanced in life. He was not of quite such good *noblesse* as he thought; but he was a gentleman of unblemished descent for more than two centuries, and so in rank far above most of his literary equals. He had with his poems solid fame, and at least two popular successes (with *Cinq Mars* and *Chatterton*), which were fully up to the merit of the work. He had a competent fortune. He married a wife who was beautiful, wealthy, and affectionate, who tolerated his little escapades, and against whom, though she was an Englishwoman, no Frenchman has anything to say except that she was not very brilliant and was very silent—defects which are doubtfully so in a wife, even if separate, and which go far to neutralize each other when they are together. Yet he passed the greater part of his life in a state of sulk and pose which, quiet as it was, and therefore more worthy of a gentleman than the ostentatious walking of Byron and Chateaubriand, was none the less pose and sulk. We cannot in the least regret, from M. Paléologue's specimens of them, his eighty-three *cahiers* of private lamentations which it

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Alfred de Vigny*. Par Maurice Paléologue. Paris: Hachette.

is said are doomed to destruction. "Où me conduiras-tu, passion des Idées? Où me conduiras-tu?" is one *épave*. Who did not write volumes like that in 1830? who at any time during the last century has not written quires like it, and then, if he were a sensible man, blushed, laughed, and burnt them? The fact is that Vigny, though a man of exquisite inspiration at times, was not a man of range, and in the intervals of his inspiration was rather given to *Katzenjammer*. A stout human cat chokes its jammer down and puts a brave face on it.

Captain Binger's account of his journey from the Niger to the Ivory Coast (2) will be read with advantage by all interested in this part of Africa. Like nearly all French, and all military and naval French, travellers, the good Captain was under the impression that his first object must be to outwit, and his second to frustrate, the terrible schemes of wicked England. We should have said that we have been very, and perhaps rather unwisely, kind to French extension in this part of the world; but that, of course, depends upon the point of view. What is certain is that, if ever a great war comes between the countries, there will be a good deal of reconstruction of maps one way or the other. Meanwhile, we can read Captain Binger quite philosophically, and with every admiration for his pluck and intelligence. The book is well illustrated, and there is an altogether admirable map at the end of the second volume.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN his sketches of the love affairs of famous men—*Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)—Mr. Thomas Hitchcock deals with a theme of perennial interest. It would be incorrect, of course, to describe all the examples set forth in this attractive little book as strange stories of the loves of men of genius that tell how some were jilted, some disillusioned, some the victims of malignant fate—all unhappy. A glance at the table of contents will reassure the susceptible reader that the author does not unfold a series of representations of the tragedy of the universal passion. Gibbon and Mlle. Curchod; Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale; Goethe and Charlotte von Stein; Mozart and Aloisia Weber; Edward Irving and Miss Jane Baillie Welsh; Cavour and the fair unknown—whose correspondence Signor Berti has printed for a sentimental world—these are scarcely the most distressful illustrations of the subject that might be selected from history. But the title serves well enough when the sympathy of the writer is agreeably combined, as it is in Mr. Hitchcock, with a light and facile pen. Did Mme. Necker come at length to regard the excellent Gibbon?—but we must not pursue the troublesome speculations such a book suggests. It is quite possible, for example, that Mr. Hitchcock is right in surmising that the beautiful Frau von Stein, a lady of exquisite sensibility, and the mother of a family, may have meditated a flight into Italy with Goethe. But, if this were so, her timely repentance was extremely fortunate for the poet and herself. Mr. Hitchcock's well-printed book is illustrated by portraits after drawings by Mr. H. D. Nichols, in most of which the original sources of the artist's studies are clearly to be traced. One or two, however, we are doubtful of. That of Mozart, for instance, appears to be derived from the curious family group, "conversation piece," as it was once called, or, rather, "musical piece," now at Salzburg. If this be so, it has suffered an undesirable change.

The centenary of Mozart's death, December 5, 1791, is commemorated by an interesting supplement to the December number of *The Musical Times* (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), among the illustrations of which we have engravings of various portraits of the composer, and a drawing by Professor Herkomer, which differs from the portraits as greatly as the portraits themselves vary one from another. Of course, these were painted at various periods and by artists of various degrees of capacity. Still, it would seem that the portraiture of Mozart was as difficult a work as that of Beethoven, or that of Wordsworth which Hazlitt vainly attempted. In addition to the "Mozart Family" by De la Croce, already mentioned, *The Musical Times* gives the portrait of Mozart at six years of age, wearing the Court dress given him by Maria Theresa in 1762; the portrait painted by Van der Smissen five years later; the admirable painting by Tischbein, engraved by Sichling, which has inspired most of the idealized portraits of Mozart; the interesting sculpture in wood by Posch, a profile medallion in relief; and the unfinished picture by Lange painted a few months before the death of the composer. From the collection of Dr. J. F. Bridge we have a little memorial of Mozart and his pupil Attwood, in the facsimile of a Minuet and Trio, and the descriptive articles on Salzburg, the Mozart Museum, and other interesting matters, are illustrated by excellent engravings.

There is a portentous show of another *Battle of Dorking* about the opening of Mr. St. Loe Strachey's brochure, *How England became a Republic* (Bristol: Arrowsmith), but the fear, we are relieved to find, is not realized. Mr. Strachey emphatically disclaims any desire to change the Constitution. He has merely exercised his ingenuity in devising a hypothetical case. His "Romance of the Constitution" decidedly supposes a good deal, even if it does not involve a prodigious straining of constitutional law. But given an Heir Apparent whose ambition it is to be Prime Minister, whose sense of the disabilities of his birth is as

acute as Lord Rosebery's, it is conceivable that it might occur to this personage, on his accession to the throne, to put the sceptre in commission, and delegate the functions of the sovereign to certain Lords High Commissioners. Thus we should have a republic with the least possible change in the Constitution. Such at least is Mr. Strachey's conclusion.

John Sherman and Dhoya, by "Ganconagh" (Fisher Unwin), must charm all who appreciate artistic work that is delicate, unobtrusive, and intuitive. Of material that has been a thousand times employed in fiction, and often grievously marred in the using, the author of *John Sherman* has called forth a new heaven and a new earth—"Ganconagh," in brief, has the creative faculty and the imagination that vitalizes the gift. Each of the four chief characters in this short story is in its way an excellent study after nature. Clever as *John Sherman* is, cleverness seems almost an odious quality to ascribe to pathos so unassertive, humour so delicate, and observation so penetrative. To "tell" the story by way of abstract or paraphrase would be an offence to the artistic conscience, and at the best could convey little or nothing of its peculiar charm. *Dhoya* is not a story, and is far slighter. It is an Irish legend, or apologue, of the days when there were giants in the land, and fairies, and magical influences. If there are any admirers of *Ossian* that yet remain among us, we would ask them to read *Dhoya*, and perpend thereupon.

Made in Japan, at Tokio, with its diaphanous pages decorated with pale and scattered impressions of maple leaves, is Mr. Douglas Sladen's metrical romance, *Lester the Loyalist* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), a poem that treats of the sufferings undergone by American loyalists who migrated to Nova Scotia and Canada during the War of Independence. We have before now recognized Mr. Sladen's skill in narrative poetry, and in this new example, for which he claims an historical basis, he sets forth his story of the wanderings and fortunes of the Sherwoods, and their rescue by the gallant Lester, with his wonted energy and vivacity. The picture of the destitute family in the Canadian forest, threatened by starvation and tried by all the horrors of winter and solitude, is strikingly presented. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Sladen was induced "by the genius of Longfellow" to adopt the intolerable measure described, by courtesy, as "English hexameter."

Mr. Joseph Poole's *Practical Telephone Handbook* (Whittaker & Co.), though in the main addressed to all persons charged with the working of telephones, will be found both useful and interesting to persons who use the telephone, as Mr. Poole's exposition of telephonic work and apparatus is both clear and comprehensive. Another excellent feature of this manual is the fulness with which it is illustrated by diagrams. There are over two hundred of these, mostly drawn to scale by the author.

Light, by Sir Henry Trueman Wood (Whittaker & Co.), is an elementary treatise, intended for young students unfamiliar with natural science, and thus preparative in its general aim, no previous knowledge of the subject on the part of the reader being assumed by the author. The book comprises chapters on Light, Reflection, Refraction, Colour, Spectrum Analysis, Optics, the Chemical Effects of Light, concisely set forth and clearly illustrated with diagrams.

Brief Counsels concerning Business, by an "Old Man of Business" (Religious Tract Society), comprises much wholesome advice expressed in sententious form, which, if not always far from platitude, is clearly the fruit of experience, undoubtedly exemplary, and therefore likely to be of service to young people.

The Imitation of Buddha (Methuen) is a kind of Buddhist anthology of moral precepts or sentiments compiled by Mr. Ernest Bowden, of English or French translations of the *Dhammapada*, the Buddhist *Suttas*, and other "sacred books of the East." The quotations serve to mark a calendar, every day of the year being provided with one or more examples of Buddhist teaching. Mr. Bowden somewhat unnecessarily disclaims any hostile or cynical intention in the title or design of the book. The other *Imitation* will survive this one.

Stepping-Stones to Socialism, by David Maxwell, C.E. (Hull: Andrews & Co.), is a sentimental and decidedly inchoate production. We are unable to decide, after a careful perusal, where or what the stepping-stones of Mr. Maxwell's title are by which we are to attain that promised land, of which the author presents a "Pisgah-top view," which we cannot say inspires us with his enthusiasm.

From Mr. Henry Frowde we have received new editions in three sizes of the Revised Version of the Bible, printed on Oxford India paper, from excellent type, with indexed atlas, bound in limp morocco, with red-gold edges. The combination of legible printing with extremely thin paper renders these volumes very light to hold or to carry—a convenience of great importance to a large number of persons.

We have to acknowledge new editions of *Popular Misconceptions about the First Eleven Chapters of Genesis*, by the Rev. Edward Huntingford, D.C.L. (Bickers); the second and revised edition of *The Physical Geology and Geography of Ireland*, by Edward Hull, M.A., &c., illustrated (Stanford); *The Working and Management of English Railways*, by George Findlay, fourth edition, enlarged (Whittaker & Co.); *Noah's Ark*, by Phil Robinson (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Monastery*, an illustrated edition of Scott's novel (Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.); *Paul Nugent, Materialist*, by Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer) and the Rev. H. Darwin Burton (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

We have also received *Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries*,

(2) *Du Niger au golfe de Guinée*. Par le Capitaine Binger. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette.

translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin from the French of M. de Saint-Amand (Hutchinson); *Railway Abattoirs*, with other Papers, by D. Tallerman, second edition (Dublin: Browne & Nolan; London: Simpkin & Co.); *The Condition of Labour*, "an open letter to Pope Leo XIII." by Henry George (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Condensed Mechanics for Engineering Students*, by W. G. Crawford Hughes (Crosby Lockwood & Son); No. 1 of Vol. XIV. of *The American Journal of Mathematics*, published under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore; the tenth edition of Mr. J. S. Horn's *Scholar's History of England* (Heywood); and *The Last Link*, by Thomas George (Digby & Long).

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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